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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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The Practical Answer

AFTER next week it will be necessary for reasons of space to close the Bread or Meat controversy which has been going on in our columns. This is the less to be regretted because the answer to the question asked is very nearly unanimous. We need scarcely recall the circumstances under which the correspondence was opened. On every side officials and writers were urging the farmers to grow more wheat, on the assumption that bread would go up frightfully in price and that cereals in consequence would be in great demand next autumn. What we desired to know was what the practical agriculturists of this country were thinking about it all. With very rare exceptions they replied in the same way. The sources from which wheat can be drawn are practically inexhaustible, and unless we lose the command of the sea, which is a contingency remote from practical politics, there will always be a sufficiency of wheat and flour in this country. With meat the case is very different. Mr. Cleghorn showed in his original article that the sources of supply have been gradually drying up; and a correspondent in this week's paper reminds us of the scenes that used to be common at Deptford, where thousands of cattle were slaughtered for use in the British market. Now the importation of live cattle is negligible, and even the chilled and frozen meat which used to be seen in ever increasing shiploads betray a tendency to dwindle in quantity. There appears to have been a considerable rise in the standard of living over the

whole world at the same time, and the consumers in other countries have multiplied to such an extent that the surplus remaining to be sent to this country has undergone a great shrinking process. The supply of meat, therefore, is not at all likely to be over abundant in the future, and the British farmer who has a legitimate regard for his own interest recognises that his salvation lies in feeding stock.

But the value of the correspondence does not end by making this decision a clear one. Several questions have arisen of an important and interesting kind. For example, to make room for more wheatfields, it was suggested last autumn that it would be well to plough up the pastures, and there were only a few wise agriculturists who said: "Spare the old pastures, even if you plough up the new." The trend of opinion to-day seems to be that the pastures should not be destroyed, but made more productive. This, of course, applies only to those grasslands which may be said to answer their legitimate purpose. During the depression there were many tracts of land allowed to lapse into natural herbage, and many others laid down to grass where that crop was unsuitable to the soil; the consideration weighing with the cultivators in that era of low prices was that grass cost little to keep it going, and therefore involved less loss than the more expensive arable cultivation. In those days the hard-riden farmer scarcely aspired to be so ambitious as to hope for a profit. His look out was to lose as little as possible, and perhaps come out with an even balance sheet. Therefore a considerable quantity of land then hurriedly laid down to grass could be ploughed up now with advantage to its productivity. Another feature of the correspondence has been to reveal a very considerable dissatisfaction with the yield of British land. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries we stood easily ahead of the rest of Europe in productivity, but the depression seemed to blunt the energies of those engaged on the land, and the protected countries seized the opportunity to forge ahead. Their tariffs prevented corn from all parts of the world being dumped in their towns, and consequently higher prices for their produce were obtainable and new energy was put into cultivation, especially by the nations with which we are now at war, Austria and Germany. The time has come now when the British farmer is called upon to rouse himself from the lethargy into which he has fallen, and once more show by superior energy that this country can hold its own in husbandry with any other in the world.

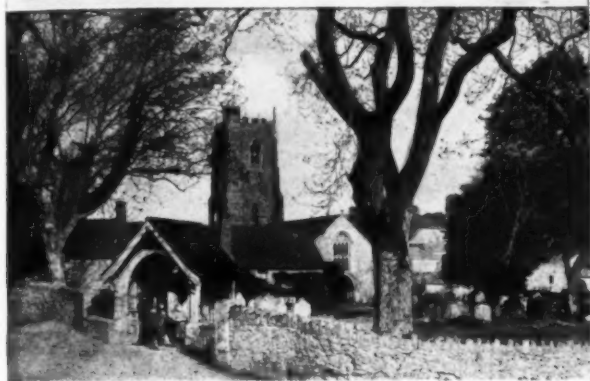
Several methods of obtaining that result have been mooted in the course of the correspondence. Very interesting indeed were the contributions from members of the firms of Sutton and Carter respectively. They showed that experimental work in the formation of permanent pastures had been carried to unexpected lengths, owing to the great outburst in the popularity of golf and the making of new courses in nearly every part of the United Kingdom. Now, the golfer requires for his game a good grass all over and a particularly thick velvety lawn for his putting greens. Nor could he delay for an indefinite number of years while a process of mowing and rolling and re-sowing went on to produce what he wanted. The seedsmen rose to the occasion. They studied the best preparation of the soil and the most suitable grasses for their purpose, with the cultivation that was most effective. As a result they demonstrated past doubt that a thick, good turf can be made in a comparatively short time. The golf club was not at all satisfied unless the links could be made playable in the course of a year or so, and, as was shown in the instances cited, they were clever enough to do this. But what is possible on a golf course must be easy on a farm, because in the one case the land to be dealt with is very often barren heath or sand, while the farmer presumably works on land that has been long in cultivation. Several minor contributions were made to the general sum of knowledge, some affecting diet, others the nutritive power of milk, and so on. In fact, the correspondence has been one of the most instructive it has been our fortune to publish.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, only sister of the Duke of Sutherland.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



DURING the past week public opinion has been exercised to good effect with regard to the most important home question of the hour. Let us try to analyse it with as much clearness and as little acrimony as possible. Under the direction of Lord Kitchener the greatest volunteer Army known in the history of the world has been enlisted, organised and trained. But it has not been equipped with equal rapidity. The output of munitions has been retarded by the fact that a small minority of workmen have impaired their efficiency by spending too much of their wages in drink. To rectify this weakness proposals have been made which may be classified under three headings—voluntary, prohibitive and restrictive. The first is the noblest of the three, but it will not filter down quickly enough. A great moral effect has been produced by the example of the King, promptly followed by that of Lord Kitchener and other leaders, military and political. Although these examples are of inestimable value to the country, their influence is likely to stop just at the point where it is most needed. It may be likened to a beneficent flood that will flow over and irrigate the fruitful soil, but will not suddenly affect the waste places.

HENCE total prohibition has been advocated as the alternative. But the objections to it are fatal. The first is the enormous loss and expense that would have to be incurred at a time when the sternest economy is required. Secondly, it takes away the moral sanction. A sobriety that is in the nature of a sacrifice is tonic and salutary, but in an enforced sobriety there is no, or at any rate less, virtue. Thirdly, it has been seized upon by extreme teetotalers, who in their wild enthusiasm for complete abstinence have forgotten that the immediate object is only to increase the efficiency of a small class of workmen, and are seizing the occasion to propagate doctrines concerning which it is enough to say at present that there is much difference of opinion. Remains, therefore, a wise and carefully applied restriction to be used as the handmaiden of voluntary effort. It might take the form of abolishing altogether the sale of those cheap and fiery spirits that first madden and then bemuse the labourer, of insisting only upon pure and well matured spirit being sold and then diluted to 50 per cent. instead of 25 per cent. below proof, and of instituting stringent rules about late opening and early closing. Obviously the dilution would provide additional taxation in the manner to which least objection could be taken. All this would be after the tradition and in the spirit of previous regulations affecting the sale of intoxicants, and would foster moderation without giving offence.

IN the ordinary course of things the present Parliament would come to an end in January, 1916, and the *quid nuncs* are very busy considering what is likely to happen. Of one thing the majority of sensible people are, we think, certain. It is a foolish proceeding to swap horses when crossing a stream, and, therefore, the present Government will have to be carried on. Apart from other considerations, we have to remember that a huge, we might almost say an overwhelming, proportion of the voters are at the front, and may not be back in time for the election. No doubt, means could be arranged for getting their votes recorded, but the process would be elaborate and unsatisfactory. The best course to follow is to pass the necessary Act to prolong the life of this Parliament until the war is ended and voters are in a fit condition of mind to return to the consideration of political affairs.

IN another part of the paper will be found the annual report of our Rifle Shooting Competition of the junior division of the O.T.C., which we have carried on for four years. About sixty schools competed, and the war has stimulated interest in the shooting. It is indeed of a very practical character, and fitted to the wants and circumstances of the present time. The shooting at the landscape target especially supplies what is required in modern warfare at the moment. The leader does not shoot at all. His business is to direct the fire of his team of four to a particular aiming point on which their shots are to be concentrated or a position over which they are to be distributed. As he has only a few seconds in which to describe the point, the competition tests very highly the readiness of the leader, his aptness of description, and the promptitude and accuracy of the shooting of his team. These are attributes which should be of great advantage in trench warfare, where often a very short distance separates the one army from the other and the only chance of inflicting injury is by quick shooting.

ONE of the most difficult questions to decide during the present year is regarding the holding of the great agricultural and similar shows. In one or two instances the course is plain enough. For example, it is practically impossible to have the International Horse Show this year. Many of the most brilliant riders are engaged in much more serious duties, and some are actually at war with us. It is really impossible to hold the International Horse Show, and it has been given up. So has the Richmond Horse Show, which in recent years has attracted so many competitors from abroad. A great proportion of those who took a leading part in the organising of the Richmond Show are now fighting for their country. With the Highland and Agricultural Society the problem was rather different. This exhibition answers a great commercial purpose as well as being a potent instrument for improving the breeding of livestock. Universal regret will be felt that it has had to be abandoned. We thought that it would possibly follow the example of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, which goes on as usual.

THE WYKHAMIST.

In the wake of the yellow sunset one pale star
Hangs over the darkening city's purple haze.
An errand-boy in the street beneath me plays
On a penny whistle. Very faint and far
Comes the scroop of tortured gear on a battered car.
A hyacinth nods pallid blooms on the window sill,
Swayed by the tiny wind. St. Catherine's Hill
Is a place of mystery, a land of dreams.
The tramp of soldiers, barrack-marching, seems
A thing remote, untouched by fate or time.
... A year ago you heard Cathedral's chime,
You hurried up to books—a year ago;
—Shouted for "Houses" in New Field below.
... You ... "died of wounds" ... they told me
... yet your feet
Pass with the others down the twilight street. N. G.

SOME time ago we had the pleasure to announce to our readers our intention to publish shortly a series of articles by Mme. Albert Jasper on the system of poultry rearing by which she achieved so conspicuous a success in the neighbourhood of Brussels before the war broke out. These articles are now practically ready for publication, and we purpose to begin the series in the first number for the month of May. Our readers' attention may be very confidently directed to them. Mme. Albert Jasper is no mere theorist, but, if the Germans had not interfered with her establishment, would at the present moment in all probability have been carrying on the work in which she was engaged when the Huns broke in upon the peaceful Belgian town and put an end to this among many other flourishing industries. On the particular branch of the subject, rearing for the table, Mme. Jasper has got well in advance of anyone who has followed it out in Great Britain. One of the most scientific and successful poultry keepers of the present day expressed himself as being only a novice in comparison with her. She has gone into the whole question with the thoroughness it deserves, and is in the position to show British poultry keepers how they can notably increase their profits, to the advantage of the country as well as their own.

DISAPPOINTMENT will be naturally felt because the Government, acting through the Local Government Board, has felt it necessary to lay an embargo on the schemes of rural housing which were looked upon with favour before the outbreak of war. The word has gone forth that no enterprise shall be carried on which involves a loan. We can very well see that the policy underlying this is sound. In the immediate future there must be very great demands upon the resources at command of the local authorities, and capital will be greatly needed. People must not allow themselves to be deceived by the present briskness of employment. Much of this is due, directly or indirectly, to the necessity of equipping a great army and sending it abroad. The time will come—and the sooner the better—when the soldiers will return. The work at the munition factories will be greatly abated, and for a period there may be a dearth of employment. This will be the time for local authorities to devote such funds as may be at their disposal to work that has been delayed in the meantime. Another point that probably weighed with Ministers is that labour is a precious possession at this moment. It is greatly needed for the armament factories, and the most efficient of the men are required in the Army itself. Therefore, as well as conserving funds, the policy now adopted is designed to economise labour.

A DEBT of gratitude is due to the Royal Horticultural Society for the assiduity and care with which it has set forth the most effective means of propagating and cultivating vegetables with the object of increasing the food supply during wartime. Its latest issue is a little twopenny pamphlet written for the benefit of those who have small gardens and allotments, but so sound and careful and clear that it will yield something even to the experienced gardener. First, there is a description of the various preparatory operations, such as digging, trenching and manuring, and then simple instructions as to the plants to select and how to treat them. A booklet like this ought to be of very great service to the working man at this juncture, because, whatever may happen at the front, the prices of provisions are bound to go up for some time. If the war is prolonged, the difficulty of obtaining supplies will naturally grow. If it be crowned with immediate victory, then it must be remembered that those countries which have been depleted of their food supplies during military operations will be clamorous buyers of imported stuff until they get their own fields and gardens once more into bearing condition.

EVERYBODY in this country is watching with intense interest the dramatic struggle which is taking place on the eastern front of France. Our French Allies have developed the most soldierly qualities during the progress of the war. They are in a position to admit very frankly the mistakes and reverses of the early part of the campaign because they have so wisely profited by them. The stubborn fighting which gained them victory at Les Eparges cost the Germans 30,000 men, and according to a prisoner it was said that the general commanding ordered his men at all hazards to keep the ground, saying that "he would sacrifice the division, the army corps, and even 100,000 men in order to hold it." Nor can we wonder. The prize for which the two armies are fighting is Metz, the fortress Bazaine surrendered in 1870. It was the possession that France hated most to part with, and the soldiers of General Joffre are now as keen as hounds on a hot scent. Every mile gained in their advance is a mile nearer Metz. The Germans will no doubt defend it as stubbornly, for to lose it would be for them ignominy. Nevertheless, the valour and spirit of the French battalions may be trusted to carry them to the goal on which they have set their heart.

IT is a great pleasure to set before our readers this week an illustrated paper on the forts of the Dardanelles, by Mr. Walter Leaf. The writer is in no need of introduction to an English audience, but some of our readers may not be aware of his dual career. It is very rare indeed to find one and the same individual a great man of business and a great scholar, but the combination is well exemplified in Mr. Leaf. He is deputy-chairman of the London County and Westminster Bank, and between 1888 and 1892 was chairman of Leaf and Co., Limited. He was one of the founders and first members and vice president of the London Chamber of Commerce, deputy-chairman 1885 to 1886 and chairman 1887. We mention these facts because they probably will be the most surprising to those who know Mr. Leaf only as a great Homeric scholar, who was associated with the late

Mr. Myers and Mr. Andrew Lang in translating "The Iliad," and whose studies have made him very familiar with those lands and waters round the Hellespont which have witnessed so many memorable scenes in the past and now appear to be on the eve of incidents still more striking.

MR. HENRY JAMES has spoken to great purpose about the war in the course of an interview with the correspondent of the *New York Times*. His lifelong friendship with France and England is accentuated by his experience of "English life wound up to heroic pitch." He refers to "the privilege I feel to share the inspiration and see further revealed the character of this decent and dauntless people." He also recognises that the Allies are fighting for the liberties of the United States as well as for those of Europe. Mr. James shares the opinion that if the German aggression were hideously successful in Europe, it would, with as little loss of time as possible, proceed to apply itself to the American side of the world. Nor does he lose sight of the great fact that the ideal which has animated the United States is the very reverse of that of which Germany boasts.

THE war has not wholly stilled the smaller controversies.

There is a ripe mediæval flavour in the excommunication that "we, Frank, Lord Bishop of Zanzibar, hereby declare and pronounce" against his brother of Hereford, because that aged prelate has preferred to a canonry of Hereford Cathedral a clergyman who finds no favour in the eyes of Zanzibar. Dr. Percival is likely to win sympathy by the dignified and delicately ironic reply which appeared in the *Times*. It is in pleasant contrast with the Torquemada-like fervours of his Colonial brother, and expresses the hope that in future he will "abstain from rash and ill-considered denunciation of your fellow-Churchmen, and concentrate yourself entirely upon that work (of the mission field) in happy and fruitful service of our common Lord." With the merits of the controversy we are not concerned, nor does it appear what will happen if the faithful Zanzibaris fail duly to "observe this our declaration and sentence." We remember, however, that other African Bishop, Saint Augustine of Hippo, who wrote in his *Confessions*: "Thou waterest by a sweet spring, that the earth may bring forth her fruit, and Thou, Lord God, so commanding, our soul may bud forth works of mercy according to their kind, loving our neighbour in the relief of his bodily necessities."

"THE WAY OF SORROWS."

Down Via Dolorosa passing still

Tired human feet press on. While hearts and souls

Bear the great burden of a grief that rolls

Its darkened shadow—tho', across life's hill,

Beams of a morning-glory sweep the sky.

Bent by a cross, the valiant shoulders feel

A stronger arm than Simon's stretched to heal

The toil and pain and weariness that lie

There in "the way of sorrows" nobly trod!

Lonely no longer those who pass that way

Since One, a Comrade-guide, knows why glad song

Is hushed on many lips this warfare-day:

Knows why wet eyes look silently to God:

And hands just cling to Him amid the throng!

LILLIAN GARD.

A CURIOUS example of the effect on trade comes to us from Liverpool. It refers to a firm of pianoforte manufacturers. When hostilities broke out they concluded that their trade was done for, and at first the facts appeared to bear out their worst forebodings. But now a very great change has occurred. They have never turned out so many cheap pianos in the course of their business experience. The explanation is fairly obvious. Many of the workers are earning more money now than they ever did before in the course of their lives, and it was ever the case that when good fortune of this kind comes to any class of English worker, one of the first methods of spending money is to buy a piano. The possession of this musical instrument is regarded as an indubitable sign of respectability. In the old days, when the North Country miners, after a long time of low wages experienced a great boon, the same thing occurred. The tinkle of a piano began to be heard from every workman's cottage. Again, Germany, in time of peace, did a roaring trade in sending cheap pianos to Great Britain; but this has been stopped by the war, and thus English manufacturers are deriving a double benefit from the workers' prosperity.

THE FORTS OF THE DARDANELLES.

BY WALTER LEAF, LITT.D., HON. D.LITT. (OXON.)

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TENEDOS.

CROWDED though they are with historical memories, reaching back for more than forty centuries, the Straits of the Dardanelles cannot be called picturesque; their interest lies in the memories of the past and in the hopes and anxieties of the moment. These are interwoven along the whole shore. The bombardment of the Turkish forts has taken place within sight of Troy, where was the earliest war of which we have any record in European history; and where, indeed,

men had been fighting many centuries before. For underneath Priam's Troy there lay other ruins, far older than Priam's time. The oldest walls, indeed, can hardly be much later than 3000 B.C., and were about as far behind the famous War of Troy in about 1200 B.C. as the Christian Era is behind us.

The views which accompany this article will give some idea of the aspect of the Straits, and recall some of the historical events of which they have been the scene. We



SEDD-UL-BAHR.



THE NARROWS FROM EREN-KIÖI.

begin with a view of the island of Tenedos (No. 1), just at the mouth. It now serves as a base for the allied fleets. The little port is picturesque, with its rows of quaint windmills and its old Turkish fort. Above this may be seen the conical hill, black with newspaper correspondents till they were excluded a few days ago; for from the top it is possible to look over the low hills which fringe the plain of Troy, and to see Troy itself and all the lower basin of the Straits. To Homer, Tenedos was venerable for the worship of Apollo; and Virgil rightly says that it was in sight of Troy, and "well known to fame."

We pass on to a view of the fort of Sedd-ul-bahr at the entrance (No. 2). The Turkish fort was built in about 1656, in order to keep at bay the Venetian fleets, which often sailed boldly up to the mouth of the Narrows and attacked the two "Old Castles" there, built 200 years before. Near it lay a barrow so ancient that in ancient Greek times it passed for the

No. 4 gives a nearer view of Sari Siglar Bay, with the town of Chanak on the further shore. The castle of Kilid-ul-bahr is just out of the view on the left. We get a closer view of it from the sea in No. 5. It is a picturesque building, in plan something like a trefoil. It was built by Mahommed "the Conqueror" after the capture of Constantinople in 1453, together with that of Chanak on the Asiatic side; between them they blocked the passage. Both were mounted with huge guns throwing stone shot of 800lb. to 1,000lb. in weight. These guns were fixed, and could not be trained, but fired only at the moment that a vessel passed in line with them. They did considerable damage to the fleet of Sir John Duckworth on his return from Constantinople in 1807, though little opposition was made when he forced the passage in the upward direction.

The main defence of the Narrows is now, of course, not Kilid-ul-bahr itself; the modern batteries are on the



SARI SIGLAR BAY AND CHANAK.



KILID-UL-BAHR.

"Tomb of Protesilaus," the first Greek, it was said, to fall in the Trojan War.

With No. 3 we are already within the Straits, near the village of Eren-kiöi, and looking up towards the Narrows. Somewhere near the point from which the view is taken must stand the batteries of Eren-kiöi, of which mention has several times been made in the reports; at the time of my visit there in 1911 the batteries were either not made or were cleverly concealed. The sharp point in the middle distance, running out from the right-hand side, is Kephez Burnu, "Barber Point." This is the furthest point to which any of our battleships have gone, though the Amethyst made a dash into Sari Siglar Bay just beyond it, and was rather severely hit. It was in the nearer bay, at our feet, that the Bouvet was sunk. Immediately above Barber Point is the castle of Kilid-ul-bahr; Chanak is to the right and hardly visible. Beyond lies the whole length of the Narrows.

hillside to the left of it. They are cleverly concealed, and so numerous that the Admiralty needs all the letters of the alphabet from J to T to name them.

Opposite to Kilid-ul-bahr, at a distance of only 1,400yds., lies Chanak Castle (No. 6). The huge square central castle of Mahommed the Conqueror is seen rising above the earthworks of the modern fort, one of the most heavily armed. In ancient days the Straits were defended not at this, the narrowest point, but higher up at the northern end of the Narrows, by Sestos and Abydos. Sestos was like Kilid-ul-bahr, a purely military position, while Abydos was like Chanak, a considerable commercial town. In ancient days the Straits could only be blocked by ships, and Sestos and Abydos were the most suitable for the purpose, as each had a harbour. It was the coming of gunpowder which made it possible to stop the passage from the land; hence, when Chanak and Kilid-ul-bahr were built, the old sites were



CHANAK.

entirely deserted, and population moved downward to the new seats of military government.

We now go on to the northern end of the Narrows, and see Nagara Point in front of us (No. 7). It is inhabited only by the garrisons of its forts. Near the end of the point is Nagara Fort, with its mosque and lighthouse. On the top of the range of hills which runs all along the Asiatic coast of the Narrows is another large fort, called Y by the Admiralty. Others lie along the foot of the hills. Just behind the point is Nagara Bay, the harbour of ancient Abydos: the town itself lay on the shore and hillside at the extreme left of the picture. In Nagara Bay Sir Sidney Smith, under Duckworth, destroyed a Turkish squadron and spiked the guns of the fort. Round the point from behind us swept the ships which conveyed the army of Alexander on its way to the conquest of Persia. But the most famous scene enacted here was when, in 480 B.C., two great bridges of ships stretched from the point to the opposite shore, and across them marched an army of nearly a million men, while Xerxes, seated on a throne on the hills, watched the great host file beneath him on its way to Greece and destruction.

The last scene before us (No. 8) is taken from the site of Sestos, the rival of Abydos, and as a military position the strongest in ancient days on all the Strait. We are looking now right down the Narrows from the north; Kilid-ul-bahr is on the point on the right over the low spit of Nagara. Chanak is concealed behind the height crowned by fort Y. It will be seen at once how Sestos commands Abydos, looking straight into its harbour and having the immense advantage of the strong current—here running generally at two and a half knots, sometimes even at four or more—whenever it was necessary to descend against any ships in the channel. The possession of Sestos, and with it the command of the great and vital trade with the Black Sea in corn and many of the most essential raw materials of industry, was the foundation of the brilliant but short lived empire of Athens, and with it of all that Athens did for the world. It is not too much to say that to the possession of Sestos by Athens we owe the

Parthenon. It was in the peninsula of Gallipoli that Athens first planted herself outside her own land; and it was here, too, only a few miles from Sestos, that she received a fatal blow in the defeat of *Ægospotami* in 405 B.C.

Sestos has another and more sinister fame in later history. It was here that, in 1365, the Turks first set foot in Europe. The defence of Constantinople has always lain here; and when Suleiman Pasha, crossing with a small body of picked men on rafts by night, surprised and took the castle of Sestos, the doom of Constantinople was sealed, as the doom of Athens had been sealed at the same spot.

LORD ROTHSCHILD AS A MASTER OF HOUNDS.

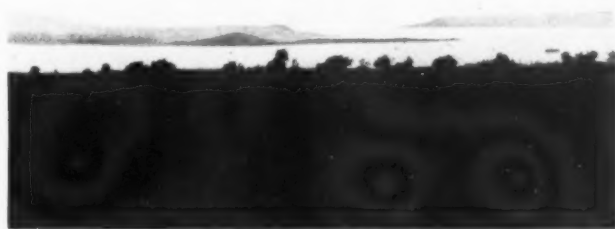
THOSE who have hunted with the late Lord Rothschild's hounds must always have a pleasant and grateful recollection of the sport they enjoyed. Nor was it necessary to hunt only with his hounds to appreciate his services to sport in the Vale. If the Bicester and the Whaddon Chase rejoice in delightful tracts of wireless grass in the Vale of Aylesbury, this is not a little due to the influence of the Rothschild family in the Vale. They have all been supporters of hunting, and I can recollect the time when Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, beautifully mounted rode with the Whaddon Chase in the front.

It was in 1839 that the pack was started in kennels near Tring Station with fourteen couple, which had been hunting stag for Sir Clifford Constable. But it was really the drafts from Milton which laid the foundation of the present admirable pack. It was the intelligence characteristic of Milton which made the Rothschild hounds so easy to enter and so ready to go back to fox, so that some of the very best foxhounds I have ridden after in recent years have been descendants of Lord Rothschild's grand hound Herald, which I have always looked on as one of the best hounds bred in our day.

The late Lord Rothschild's period of Mastership, when Fred Cox and Mark Howcutt were at the kennels, was a great one in the history of the Hunt and its pack. The bone of the



NAGARA POINT AND SITE OF ABYDOS, FROM NORTH-WEST.



ABYDOS FROM SESTOS.

bitches and the pace of the hounds were remarkable. Nor were their hunting powers less notable. In the days when I hunted with "the Baron" there used to be people who, directly the deer was uncartered, insisted on riding the line of the deer twenty minutes before hounds were laid on. They foiled the scent considerably. Then would these beautiful hounds put their noses down and work out the line.

Or, again, when on a dry March morning even the red deer left but little trace, they would work up to him and take him safely. They left fewer deer out than any pack I ever knew; but it was not only the sport shown which distinguished the late Lord Rothschild's Mastership. The Hunt was the occasion of many good horses being bred. The Rothschild family always kept two or three thoroughbred stallions for the use of tenants, two of which, Fetterlock and Middlethorpe, I can recollect. They had some three score first-rate horses for riding, and the late Lord never rode a better one than Peacock. The servants, too, were beautifully mounted, and I have heard it said that

King Pippin (quite a small horse) was the best huntsman's horse ever seen in the Vale. Then what a number of noted horsemen the Baron's hounds have drawn to the Vale of Aylesbury! There were Robert Grimston, Lord Petre, Whyte Melville, James Mason (of Lottery fame) and Mr. Oldaker, not to speak of some of the Vale farmers, who could, and can, be beaten by no riders to hounds. The late Lord Rothschild was himself very fond of hunting, and always gave one the impression of enjoying his hunting days thoroughly. As a young man he rode hard, and to the last saw a great deal of the run. He was a generous Master, who asked no subscription. Latterly it has been customary for strangers wishing to hunt with the hounds to ask permission at the beginning of the season; but this obtained, the sport is provided without charge or cost. These hounds have hunted but little since the war, and then only for the sake of the hounds. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has been for many years joint Master, and is not less keen than his brother. X.

Bread or Meat.

WHICH DOES BRITAIN NEED MOST?

THE PROBLEM CHANGING IN ASPECT.

SIR,—Whether we should endeavour to increase wheat or meat in our own production at home depends to-day on a determination as to whether we can reckon on the security of our overseas shipping. If there were any doubt about our imports of food this next six months, then wheat should be grown on every possible acre of ground, and it is this contingency which has inspired the consideration of growing extra wheat during the last few months.

To-day the problem takes a new aspect. We are tolerably certain that we are in no real danger of having our imports of food interfered with, and we are free to consider whether it is, on the whole, wise to extend largely the acreage of wheat. On this ground I am in general agreement with the views of Mr. Cleghorn; his article is sound.—R. A. COOPER, 21, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.

BRING BACK TO ARABLE.

SIR,—I am strongly of opinion that meat production should be the primary object of the British farmer, but we must not lose sight of the fact that a very large proportion of the arable land laid down to grass in recent years is producing neither meat nor wheat in quantities worth considering, but if again broken up and properly farmed would add considerably to the production of both, and also tend to increase the rural population, a matter of the greatest national importance.

I firmly believe the greatest incentive possible to increased production would be absolute security of tenure, and a certainty that every occupier of his land, caused by his own energy and expenditure. Under the present system this is not fully assured, and in consequence the quitting tenant in the last years of his tenancy pulls all he can out of his land in order to partially recoup himself for his former outlay—in short, to reap what he has sown. The result is a depreciation in producing capacity, which takes his successor several years to restore. From this cause the standard of agriculture is temporarily lowered, with a consequent reduction in production, which would not occur if the quitting tenant was quite sure of getting his own back. He should have no reason to depreciate the fertility of the soil; on the contrary, he should be encouraged to raise it, and only proper compensation will prevent depreciation in productive capacity caused by change of occupier.—W. J. CROSSING, Woodford, Plympton, Devon.

THE OUTCRY FOR MEAT.

SIR,—I have no hesitation in stating one must give a decided opinion in preference for meat. Our great shortage to-day of fat cattle and the extreme prices realised for same places us in a position which at no previous part of history has any parallel. Graziers were so very hard hit twenty-five years ago by North American cattle being sent both alive and dead in such quantities and at such prices as to crush existence out of British farmers, in so far as producing beef, Scotland and Norfolk excepted, which favoured districts have consistently adhered to their old-time methods, hence in following those bad days they have recently reaped their well deserved reward. With present prices, the terrible shortage of roots and all artificial feeding stuffs, and the extreme prices store cattle command, they need all they can obtain to make feeding beef a remunerative transaction. Much splendid grass land in Lincolnshire, North Norfolk and North Cambridgeshire, which carried a large number of cattle each season, has been transformed into fruit and vegetable culture.

During this great glut of North American beef we were given to understand it would for ever continue; but what a transformation scene! Deptford Market has been closed for many years, where thousands of heads of cattle were sold and slaughtered weekly. To-day, such a very few chilled quarters are received in London. We now learn that within five years New York will require to import beef under present conditions. Argentina may take the same turn or find other markets in the very near future.

Many countries can produce good wheat, so few can produce even a substitute for beef. There is no substitute for British beef, I maintain. The low purchasing power has somewhat supported imported beef, not the sterling quality of the meat most certainly; hence there is much encouragement to-day for feeding good cattle. I consider the Board of Agriculture is doing good work to-day re pure sires; the brutes that have been

used in our local districts are appalling specimens of cattle. Any special young beast in our local markets commands general admiration, as there are so few. A very old friend of mine maintains grazing cattle never pays one shilling, but he qualifies his remark that the man who has a yard of good fat cattle never has the unhappy experience of facing the Official Receiver.

Our sheep to-day are making record prices in our local market. Suffolk Hoggets made 113s. 6d., half-bred Hoggets 102s.; one lot of twenty averaged 100s. per head; other consignments ranged to average from 87s. to 95s. per head. The same applies to pork, bacon hogs making 8d. per pound. My grandfather ever maintained, when corn realised sound prices in the middle of last century, grazing pigs paid him well when current prices would realise 6d. per pound.

Various ideas exist as to whether a ewe flock is remunerative, all considered. When ewes take a bad turn and the loss of some score ewes occurs the same is heavy indeed. Much has been said re our waste arable land in many parts. Personally, I am not prepared to accept that any better results can be obtained, for all has been done, I consider, in the past to eagerly demonstrate economic merits; and when one considers the cost to cultivate and produce an acre of wheat on our four-course system, and the many thousand acres that have been grown at big losses in the past, not much improvement can be made here. Cross cropping, again, has no advantages, I am convinced. My grandfather remarked here, if ever he chanced a poaching experiment he was ever apprehended; this I thoroughly substantiate, hence to meat against corn growing I give my entire support.—F. NORMAN BOGOCK.

MAKING A PASTURE.

SIR,—I describe below the simple expedient, which I have carried out with so many advantages in many ways. I take an average plot, 50yds. by 30yds., dividing it into fourteen plots of 3yds. by 2yds., with a good furrow between each. I select fourteen of the most approved clovers and grasses, taking care to sow separate components of the mixture for the field being sown, and make notes the following autumn, winter and spring, giving marks, with ten the highest. Then, when you want to lay a field down, look up the notes on whichever field comes nearest it, and make your mixture accordingly, taking care in selecting seeds that they ripen in succession and, in estimating the quantity of each to sow, the number of germinating seeds in a pound. In this way you ensure that all the seeds sown suit the soil, besides being a good check on their germination, and a good mixture can be made at a substantial saving of cost per acre.—RICHARD BARTER.

PERMANENT AND TEMPORARY PASTURE.

SIR,—As to the relative importance of bread or meat, the whole subject appeals to me as a secondary consideration from the fact that the twentieth century stage of civilisation needs both. The varying capabilities of land throughout the United Kingdom are manifest in respect to the production of national food, therefore the requirements of the times are intensity of production throughout the whole kingdom of that food to which local conditions and specialisation are best suited.

A railway or motor journey from north to south and east to west gives ocular evidence that we are not getting the most out of the present available area of land. Much worn out pasture which is not paying the tenant may be made a greater source of wealth to tenant and nation by ploughing. Ill drained land would produce its due proportion of food in return for the expenditure of draining, and in many cases the present system is useless owing to correct records of outlets being unknown to both owner and tenant. It would be suicidal to agriculture to plough out some of the present fertile pastures of this country, but it is wanton waste to allow an unproductive one to exist. If evidence of the possible utility of such a poor pasture is needed, the present cultivation of Chartley Park in Staffordshire furnishes an excellent example. In other ways intensive treatment of land may be brought about by a more detailed study, and sowing only seeds of plants for temporary and permanent pasture which are adapted to the situation, soil, purpose and climate.

Investigations of past years have placed beyond doubt that the botanical analysis of a pasture or temporary ley bears but little relation to the nutritive value of the herbage it grows. The examination of some of the most renowned pastures in England revealed the fact that perennial rye grass constituted

a large percentage of the herbage in some cases, whereas in others it was almost absent, its position being taken up by some other grass, thus demonstrating that the sowing of any particular variety of grass or selection of seed could not be accepted as a warranty of future nutritive value from the plants produced; in other words, it may be said that perennial rye grass grown in the various soils and climate would have a varied feeding value, exactly as the standard of milk varies in proportion to the feed and treatment extended to the cow.

If we examine carefully the analysis of cocksfoot grass compared with Italian rye grass, reported upon in its natural state by an eminent authority, we find:

	Cocksfoot.	Italian Rye Grass.
Water	60.74	60.84
Soluble albuminoids25	.25
Insoluble	1.50	1.31
Digestible fibre	11.30	11.46
Woody	16.24	11.09
Soluble mineral matter	2.04	1.35
Insoluble91	1.10
Chlorophyll, soluble carbo-hydrates, etc.	7.02	12.60
	100.00	100.00

We find that the proportion of woody fibre is large in cocksfoot grass compared with Italian rye grass. If the comparison is carried still further and compared with the woody fibre present in legumes (clovers), as stated by the same authority, we find even still greater reduction in the percentage of woody fibre. Clovers are even quicker growers than Italian rye grass, hence these disclosures must lead us to assume that all plants (in their respective classes) which are grown rapidly contain less woody fibre compared with those whose growth is slow or stagnant due to adverse environment.

We may now review the influence played by woody fibre on animal nutrition in retarding its progress. We are aware that the digestive organs have to combat with this indigestible matter, consequently the nutritive value of all vegetable growth is lower by stagnation. Farm observations and experiences support this theory by the avidity which is displayed by animals when grazing quickly grown grasses, etc., on the pastures, while all experienced farmers will tell you that a one year's ley will keep more stock per acre than old permanent turf which is due to the annual and quick growing characters of the plants used in one year's ley. It is therefore obvious that a plant grown on land with a soil and climate which causes its speedy growth is more nutritious than the same plant grown under conditions which are not so suitable; in other words, a rapid growth is external evidence of nutritive value.

The experience of many agriculturists in the formation of both permanent and temporary pasture is when the ley has been down two years, many varieties of the grasses and clovers sown cannot be found growing among the prevailing herbage; others are stunted in their growth, which is due to the soil and conditions being unsuitable to their vigorous development. The success of one grass, say, meadow fescue, in one field not being repeated in a field possibly adjoining (although from the same stock of seed) is due to the varying conditions of the soil and subsoil, hence the seeding of land is an undertaking whereby the right plant for the soil must be the objective, instead of the futile effort to try to suit the soil to the plant. Even in this enlightened age the seeding of land is so imperfectly understood that both seedsmen and farmers make use of prescriptions written in books, and handed down from one generation to another or copied from the agricultural press years ago, a period when the requirements of the age could bear no relation to present-day needs. Among the many misdirections on plant cultivation may be mentioned the use of kidney vetch, a light, dry-soil plant in the same selection as *Poa trivialis*; rough stalked meadow grass, which thrives only upon moist soils; and similarly, the use of fescue and smooth stalked meadow grass, which thrive only on directly opposite soils. The use of perennial rye grass and white clover for one year's ley for mowing is another source of loss, not that the plants will not thrive on the same soils as red clover and Italian rye grass, but the last mentioned plants give a larger amount of produce for the one year. The undue haste of agriculturists to adopt a selection of grasses and clovers because of its success elsewhere appears to have been in evidence recently, and is as ridiculous as expecting all nationalities of man to withstand the cold of the Arctic regions with the same degree of comfort.

The successful seeding of land is not a subject which may be treated in a haphazard manner, but requires knowledge of the habitat of plants and their economic use when grown. No one expects the farmer to become an expert botanist, but they may become more observant, and acquaint themselves of the suitability of certain plants to the conditions which prevail on their own farms. The idea promoted some years back of founding selections of grasses and clovers in accordance with the geological formation may have been scientific, but it does not work out in practice, as soils resting upon the same underlying strata vary owing to drifting, consequently the individual field, and in many cases parts of it, must be taken into consideration individually. Apart from the methodical consideration of the soil, other provisions are necessary to obtain the maximum results, some of which may be detailed:

1. Selections for temporary leys should consist of plants which will mature early enough to give a crop in the duration of the ley.
2. Selections for mowing: The greatest quantity of the best quality of the herbage should flower about harvest time to enable the quality to be at its zenith.
3. If for grazing, the distribution of maturity in the plants used should extend from early spring to late autumn.

The selection of grasses and clovers for either permanent or temporary pastures cannot be distributed throughout the country as suitable in each district, even on the whole of the same farm. Their selection is a complicated problem, requiring individual thought, because they are made up of many interdependent parts. The efficiency of the whole is affected by that of each individual part.

Agriculture cares not whether the food of this country is produced through the medium of one or a dozen species, so long as it is produced at the least possible cost.—A. G. LEIGHTON.

THE LABOUR DIFFICULTY.

SIR,—Under present circumstances the above question is one which is exceedingly difficult to answer; in fact, it would be a profound mistake to increase corn at the expense of meat, and *vice versa*. What appears to the practical agriculturist as a much more sound policy is to increase both corn and meat as far as possible. The productivity of the soil should be increased to its utmost capacity by good cultivation, good seed and liberal manuring, while meat should be produced correspondingly. Many suggestions have been made of ploughing up poor grassland and sowing it down with wheat, but old turf of this kind is difficult to work, and generally so badly infested by grub of the daddy-long-legs fly, that the yield of wheat might easily be pronounced a failure. It would also be a mistake to sow wheat on land adapted to grow oats; oats give a much heavier yield, and the straw is valuable as fodder for animals. Oatmeal is well calculated to take a much larger place in human consumption than it does.

With the shortage of labour an increase in the arable area seems impossible. Labour Exchanges are of comparatively little use where skilled farm labour comes in; the average town nondescript would cut a sorry figure in the field at many classes of farmwork. The idea of employing Belgians is also absurd, as very few in this country know anything about agriculture; those who do, understand it only in an intensive sense. The employment of schoolboys is well enough so far as it goes, but too much dependence cannot be placed on this element. It seems a serious matter to deplete the ranks of agricultural labourers unduly, and it is about time recruiting called a halt here. Agricultural horses have also been impressed largely, and it is practically impossible to replace them. Horses must be bred in greater numbers, and with the encouragement given by the Government, both in light and heavy horse breeding, it should get a great impetus. The slaughter of young cows and calves should be absolutely prohibited, and all should be brought to maturity for fattening in order to increase, as far as possible, the quantity of meat. It has been suggested to breed from ewe lambs in order to increase mutton, but a much better plan is to retain the regular cast ewes so long as their mouths and udders are right, and breed from them. Fat lambs—bred and reared out of season in order to supply a luxury—should be discouraged. By unduly early slaughter much collective weight is sacrificed. The same arguments apply to pigs. The killing of "porkers" should be prohibited, as many sows as possible should be retained for breeding purposes, and the progeny eventually converted into bacon. Milk, cheese and eggs may be indefinitely increased by judicious management, while no allotment of ground should be empty.

While those responsible for food production in the country are doing their best to produce the maximum, it follows that each individual householder should endeavour to economise in order that nothing nearing even the shadow of waste should occur. While the question at the head of the paper necessarily remains unanswered, the writer earnestly advocates the policy of increasing both bread and meat to the fullest extent to which the country is capable.—J. P. F. BELL, F.R.S.E.

THE WORLD'S MEAT PRODUCING SUPPLY.

SIR,—One regrets that it is not possible to place in the hands of every farmer in the United Kingdom a copy of Mr. Cleghorn's comparative survey of the sources of the world's supply of wheat and meat which appeared in your issue of March 6th. It is to be feared that, in ignorance, many farmers may this year be tempted to put under wheat cultivation land whose crop at best can barely produce sufficient to be remunerative, and in the event of good harvests abroad would fail to be remunerative at all.

As regards the world's meat producing capacity, however, not only does there appear to be no fear of over-production, but the demand seems likely to exceed the supply. It is apparently only from Australia and Argentina that we can look for any increase of the meat supply in the future. Every year home consumption increasingly absorbs the meat supplies of America and Denmark. New Zealand's output has for some time remained stationary, while Uruguay can only extend her exports on a very small scale. According to Mr. Cleghorn, the British agriculturist can produce as much meat as he likes without any fear of overwhelming overseas competition. We do not for a moment question the soundness of this conclusion, but we confess we are somewhat surprised that Mr. Cleghorn made no reference whatsoever to the possibility in the very near future of meat supply from Rhodesia. For some years past ranching in that country has been a serious business, and not only have the herds increased in a snowball fashion, but, as the result of careful and scientific breeding, a high standard of carcass animal has been developed. Sir Owen Phillips, who controls a large proportion of the meat carrying trade, has on several occasions publicly stated his belief in the immediate future of Rhodesia as a meat producer.—G. SEQUIN LORT.

THE OUTLOOK IN SCOTLAND.

SIR,—The answer to the question whether, at this juncture, it is wiser to increase the meat supply or the bread supply would depend on individual circumstances. Some agriculturists would have more facility to increase the bread supply, and others the meat. To increase the meat supply would entail considerable extra expense in the way of feeding stuffs, which are very dear at present, while putting down a larger area of cereals would mean extra labour, which is very scarce, and hardly procurable at any price. Personally, I have laid down 25 per cent. more wheat and oats than usual, and have sown no barley at all this season, as I think there must be a large decrease in the consumption of malt whisky, even although there seems to be no intention of our Government taking any drastic measures at present. You may rest assured that, as the prices for breadstuffs and meat are so very high, farmers will try to produce as much of both as possible. Might I mention the fact that I think Scottish agriculture is now in front of that of all other nations?—JAMES BROWN, Milton Hill, Alves, Forres.

*Raymond Walter.*

SPRING'S SILVER CARPET.

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HARROGATE AND THE WAR.

BY COLONEL R. F. MEYSEY-THOMPSON.

THE world-renowned spa has reaped a double harvest from the war, partly at the expense of its rival health resorts, the seaside towns. Especially have these latter suffered in the North of England, for the fear of German raids has both driven their ordinary inhabitants from their homes and scared visitors away at the same time, so that the lodging-house keepers and shopkeepers are passing through a financial crisis of great severity. By its central inland situation Harrogate has benefited enormously, for visitors have felt secure there from any immediate alarms of war, while they reap the benefits of its bracing air. Those who have been in the habit of passing their winters abroad, finding their usual Continental resorts closed to them, have flocked largely to Harrogate, which, moreover, is reaping another harvest

from the large number of soldiers now grouped within her borders. Lucky Harrogate! The unearned increment which is now hers by the accident of locality will surely puzzle the Chancellor of the Exchequer to bring within the meshes of a tax!

The history of Harrogate can be briefly told, for, like the mushroom cities of the New World, it practically has none! Replete with interest as are its immediate neighbours, Knaresborough and Ripon, Harrogate has no mediæval associations, and the lover of antiquity will search the town in vain without discovering those picturesque ingles and gables for which his soul hankers. The fame of Harrogate rests solely on its wealth of mineral springs and its health-giving breezes sweeping down from the adjacent moorlands, while a wise administration has paid every attention to the comfort of visitors, and has reaped a well merited success in the place it has assumed in the world of fashion.

It may be news to some to be told of what recent growth the town of Harrogate really is. When the writer was taken there in early childhood for a "change of air"—after an attack of scarlatina or other infantile ailment—there were two Harrogates, Upper and Lower, two tiny villages a considerable distance apart. Upper Harrogate consisted of a single short row of low cottages facing the Stray and the Chalybeate Well. The cottagers took in lodgers, and behind each house was a little long-shaped garden, in which flourished simple flowers, polyanthus and bachelor's buttons, and where common vegetables were grown. On leaving the gardens and passing over a short piece of Stray, a footpath led past a stile, across two grass fields, and then one came to the descent leading down to Low Harrogate, a village of not much more pretensions. At the stile just mentioned an old man was usually to be found, who made a living by selling "cabbage nets," which he continuously netted, their object being to keep away white cabbage butterflies and to deter them from laying their eggs on the plants. The old man was a gossip, and always had a kind word for children and some chaff for the nursery maids, and so we very often went that way. Not far away was a "stand"

for little carriages for invalids, drawn by goats and also by dogs, for it was then still legal to use dogs for traction in England. There was no railway at that time direct to Harrogate, the nearest station being at Starbeck, and one of our daily interests was to see the coach arriving from, or taking its departure for, Leeds. It perhaps scarcely need be added that no such innovation as a telegraph office then existed at Harrogate, causing unwelcome shocks to quiet householders unaccustomed to such new-fangled ways!

The chief remaining features of the Harrogate of sixty years ago are the mineral springs and the Strays, which have been largely extended, besides the church. The Strays give an air of freedom and rusticity which has a most attractive charm; while the luxuriant gorse and heather, such a feature of the western boundary, give promise of the wild moorland scenery which closely adjoins, at a short distance from the town. These open spaces are invaluable now for camping



AIMING DRILL.

out and drill purposes, and all day long and in every direction are to be seen squads of recruits in various stages of drill, or swinging along the roads in the course of a route march. Their healthy complexions and springing steps speak eloquently in favour of the bracing breezes of the locality, and after a brief sojourn it is often difficult to believe that a ruddy, burly, well set up soldier is the same individual as the stooping, pasty-faced clerk who joined fresh from an office stool only a very few weeks ago. The contrast between the fashionable town of to-day with its occupants, and the simple hamlets with their rustic inhabitants above described, can only be realised by one who has known them both.

That distinguished regiment now stationed at Harrogate, the Yorkshire Hussars (Alexandra Princess of Wales' Own) Yeomanry, is fresh from the bombardment at Scarborough, when 500 shells were thrown into that unfortified town in rather less than half an hour. It has earned thereby an honour it may well be proud of; that it was the first regiment in England to be under the fire of a hostile foe since the time of Charles II. Taken by surprise, as they necessarily were, by the unexpected attack, all arrangements had been so carefully prepared beforehand by their Commanding Officer, Colonel Wilfrid Stanyforth, that only a few minutes sufficed for the whole regiment to be under arms. This earned very complimentary praise for their behaviour, expressed to their Colonel by the General Officer Commanding in Chief.

The Yorkshire Hussars are one of the oldest Yeomanry regiments, and in order



LAME.

of precedence stands the third. The regiment was originally raised on August 13th, 1794, under the command of Earl Fitzwilliam. At the Peace of Amiens in 1802 it was reorganised, and then consisted of seven troops, 301 men, under the command of the following officers: Robert Harvey, to be lieutenant-colonel with a troop; the Hon. E. Harvey Hawke, to be lieutenant-colonel with a troop; R. Stainforth, to be major with a troop; R. J. Thompson (late captain, 4th Dragoons), the Hon. M. Hawke, the Hon. F. Robinson and Timothy Bainbridge, captains; J. Upton, adjutant. In 1803 a further troop of forty-three men, making eight troops in all, was accepted under Lord Grantham. The regiment was now called the "Northern Regiment of Yorkshire West Riding Yeomanry Cavalry," to distinguish it from the regiment of Yeomanry that was raised in the southern part of the West Riding in July of this year.

On January 2nd, 1819, the title of the regiment was shortened to the "Yorkshire Hussars," and it bore this designation until February 1st, 1864, when Her Majesty the Queen was graciously pleased to confer upon the regiment the distinguished title of "The Princess of Wales' Own" Regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry. On April 3rd, 1903, another alteration was made, when the King was pleased to approve of it being designated the "Yorkshire Hussars (Alexandra Princess of Wales' Own) Imperial Yeomanry," which title it bears at the present day, with the exception of "Imperial," which has been universally dropped. On August 13th, 1805, the regiment was warned to hold itself in readiness for



A SIGNALLING PARTY ON THE MOORS.

service, when each man was "to have 24lb. of hay tied on his horse before, 3 pecks of corn to be brought in the corn sacks, 3 days' bread in the haversack, and beer in the canteen."

In May, 1812, a circular letter arrived desiring the regiment to be in readiness to assist the Civil Power against the Luddites, although it does not seem to have been actually called out. But on May 30th, 1816, the Northern Regiment of West Riding Yeomanry were ordered to assemble at Harewood "in consequence of the recent events in Manchester and neighbourhood." Those were disturbed times, as so frequently happens at the conclusion of a great war, when, like the prolonged seething of the ocean after a great storm, the passions of mankind do not quickly subside into their ordinary peaceful channels. On March 20th, 1817, in response to a pressing letter from the magistrates at Leeds on account of the disturbances in Lancashire, the regiment was



A FIELD DAY: DISMOUNTED ACTION.

called out in detachments at the headquarters of squadrons in readiness to support the Civil Power, and remained on duty two days. For this, Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey received "the warmest gratitude for your zealous exertions on our behalf" from the Mayor of Leeds, and in thanking the regiment for the alacrity with which they had assembled at their respective posts, the Colonel expressed the opinion "He has reason to believe that the promptness with which he was enabled to offer the Magistrates of Leeds so large a force was of essential service, and might possibly be the cause of the regiment not being required." On June 8th the regiment was again assembled in readiness to assist the Civil Power, and was out for three days.

In April, 1826, the regiment was once more hurriedly summoned to proceed to Addingham and Bradford, to protect the mills and prevent the weavers from breaking the power looms. On May 3rd, at 3 p.m., the regiment was sent to the protection of Horsfall's Mill at Bradford, which was attacked by the populace, who, however, were repulsed by the defenders inside. These consisted of a party of the Yorkshire Hussars, a party of regular infantry and some workmen of the proprietor, all under the command of Lieutenant Fry of the infantry

them that the mob was attacking a mill close at hand. The latter had effected their object before the trio reached the place; but riding at them, they succeeded in taking four of the ringleaders prisoners, who were duly committed to York Castle. Her Majesty was graciously pleased to convey to the regiment through the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Wellington, "Her approval of their conduct, and Her confident reliance in their zeal, loyalty and devotion, whenever it may be necessary to call upon them for their assistance."

The adjutant, Captain Slaytor Smyth, who had served with the 10th Hussars, was a very distinguished officer. He captured General Lauriston, Aide-de-Camp to Napoleon, and brought him a prisoner to the Duke of Wellington. On the Field of Waterloo, when charging a French square with his regiment, his horse leaped over the kneeling ranks and carried his rider, who was so severely wounded that he always in after life had to wear a silver plate over his stomach, into the middle of the square.

In May, 1848, the regiment was once more ordered to be ready for active service. The Leeds squadron marched into Bingley, and was placed under the orders of the



THE YORKSHIRE HUSSARS IN HARROGATE.

regiment. The assailants lost two men killed and from ten to fourteen wounded.

Numerous letters of gratitude for the services of the regiment were received by Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Grantham, including one from Sir Robert Peel; while Major-General Harris stated in his despatch: "To the judicious arrangements of the officers, and the great exertion of the men of the Yorkshire Hussars, must be principally attributed the preservation of the property from destruction in that part of the country occupied by the Corps."

In May, 1839, the regiment was held in readiness to assist the Civil Power in case the Chartists should break out, but their services were not needed. In August, 1842, however, the troops had to be again called out to protect the West Riding mills from the mob, and one gun, one squadron of the 17th Lancers, and sixty rank and file of the Yorkshire Hussars, the whole under the command of Colonel Prince George of Cambridge, of the 17th Lancers, had to proceed at a gallop to protect Marshall's Mill at Leeds. After the Riot Act had been read by the Mayor, the mob was attacked and dispersed, and twenty-five prisoners were taken. On the next day, while Major-General Brotherton, with his orderly squires of the C troop and the adjutant, Captain Slaytor Smyth, were reconnoitring, news was brought to

magistrate, Mr. Ferrand. With the assistance of the special constables, sixty-six pensioners, and a company of the 52nd Regiment, commanded by Captain Campbell, they succeeded in arresting sixteen Chartists, who were instantly sent off by railway to York Castle.

In October, 1862, the regiment was inspected by that splendid soldier Lieutenant-Colonel Valentine Baker (10th Hussars), who gave very high praise in his address at the end of the day to the movements he had seen performed, and concluded by saying: "One thing added very materially to the efficiency of which he spoke, and it was the time-honoured custom of fox-hunting, by which they became efficient horsemen and skilled in the management of horses; and it was this also that would enable 14,000 sabres to be drawn by the Yeomanry of England at a moment's notice to serve their Queen and Country in the hour of need."

On December 15th, 1867, the I and K Troops were called out in aid of the Civil Power, and assembled in Cloth Hall, Leeds, but their services were not required. In consequence, however, of the disturbed state of the country, it was deemed necessary, on January 10th, 1868, to issue ten rounds of ball ammunition to every man of the regiment.

The opening years of the nineteenth century found the Yorkshire Hussars ready to take their part in the European conflict which was then raging, and though it did not fall to their lot to be called upon for active service in the field, it has been shown how readily they responded when troubles arose at home.

In like manner there has been a splendid response during the early years of this century, when their country has appealed for help. In the South African War they proved their mettle. And now their first contingent

is already at the front, while two squadrons were under fire during the shelling of Scarborough. We may be certain from its past history that the regiment, when it gets the chance, will play a valiant part in upholding the claims of civilisation against the barbarism of Germany, and in beating to their knees those hordes of savages whose orgies of lust, murder and rapine will brand them with shame for generations to come. Harrogate may feel proud that the regiment is in her midst, training upon her Strays to take its part in the Great War.

MUNITIONS OF WAR.

BY PROFESSOR VIVIAN B. LEWES, F.I.C., F.C.S., ETC.

AMONG the many lessons that we have learnt from the great war that is now convulsing Europe, none stands out more prominently than the overwhelming importance of heavy long range artillery and high explosive shells. In the early stages of the war the advantage was all on the side of the enemy, and the smashing blows they dealt to fortified places thought to be nearly impregnable taught the lesson that fortifications, however strong, were practically useless unless armed with guns of longer range than any that could be brought against them. The latter stages of the war have shown the same thing, but fortunately the object lesson was at the enemy's expense, and the naval actions in the Bight of Heligoland, near the Falkland Islands and in the North Sea have demonstrated that victory goes to the ships possessing the longest range guns and the greatest speed.

Sir John French is reported to have said that the governing condition of all progress in the war is "Munitions, more munitions, always more munitions," this being due to the fact that with the advent of the aeroplane it is almost impossible for the enemy to conceal the position of his batteries, trenches and reserves, which has given the field artillery an importance far greater than ever before. Every important advance is now preceded by storms of shell and shrapnel that sweep the enemy's trenches, destroy the entanglements and prevent the advance of reinforcements, the range being given from aerial observation, and to do this effectively enormous quantities of explosives are used, so that the rate at which advances can be made depends really as much upon the ample and continuous supply of "munitions," i.e., charges for the guns and projectiles, as upon the supply of men.

Up to thirty years ago gunpowder was practically the only Service explosive for guns and shells; but although gunpowder was probably invented by the Chinese before the Christian era, so small were the advances made in its use in guns that it was not until after the Crimean War that the real history of our modern weapons of destruction may be said to have had its birth.

In the Crimea the largest guns used were the old smooth bore 68-pounders, using a charge of 18lb. of black powder, and in 1860 these were also the largest guns afloat; but soon after that date the idea of rifling the bore of the gun arose, and to make it effective the length of the gun had to be increased, and it was then found that the old form of powder was unfitted for the work it had to do.

In a big gun the object to be attained is to drive the projectile out of the muzzle of the gun with the greatest velocity attainable, while at the same time straining the gun as little as possible. When a charge of powder is fired, the solid, occupying a small space, is converted into gases occupying many hundred times the original volume of the powder, and it is this sudden increase that drives the projectile out of the gun; and in order to prevent straining or bursting the gun it is required of an explosive that is to be used for this purpose, and is called a "propellant," that it should be converted into gas not too quickly at first, so as to start the projectile moving slowly, and then should give increasing volumes of gas with enormous rapidity, so as to keep an ever increasing pressure on the base of the projectile as it passes up the gun and drive it out from the muzzle with the maximum velocity.

The old grain powder burnt too rapidly to fulfil these requirements in anything but short smooth bore guns; and as the guns grew in size, alterations, first in the form of the powder and later in the composition, became necessary, and by 1886, when the big naval guns had grown to eighty and 110 tons size, the latter

using a charge of 960lb. of powder and throwing a projectile 1,400lb. in weight, the gunpowder had altered entirely in character, and slow burning cocoa powder, as it was called, made into six-sided prisms, was used. It had one characteristic, however, in common with the old grain powder, and that was that it gave volumes of smoke, and when rapid-firing machine guns were introduced, so dense was the cloud produced that after the first few rounds nothing could be seen, and the guns became useless until the smoke had cleared. This rendered a smokeless powder a necessity, and the history of the inception of the smokeless powders of to-day is full of interest.

In any successful explosive certain conditions have to be fulfilled: one must be able to concentrate in a small space bodies which will act upon each other independent of the air with enormous rapidity, forming the largest possible volumes of gas, which, having to find way for itself, gives the explosive effect. If this change takes an appreciable time the body can be used as a "propellant" in a gun, and gunpowder is of this character; when, practically, the change takes place instantaneously it cannot be used in a gun, and is used in high explosive shells, bombs, torpedoes and mines, and such bodies we call "high explosives," guncotton and nitro-glycerin being examples of this class. When during the formation of the gas from the solid in explosion other solid compounds are formed as well, the solids are blown out in fine particles and form a cloud—smoke; but if only gases are produced the explosion is smokeless. Gunpowder on being fired gives more than half its weight as solids, and therefore forms clouds of smoke; guncotton is resolved entirely into gases and gives no smoke.

When the necessity for a smokeless powder became urgent it was naturally to guncotton that attention was most largely turned, but all attempts to convert it from an "explosive" to a "propellant" failed until it was discovered that its rate of combustion could be slowed down by destroying the original cotton structure that still existed in the guncotton. If cotton fibre is examined under the microscope it is found to consist of very minute tubes, and in the process of converting the cotton into "guncotton" by soaking it in a mixture of the strongest nitric and sulphuric acids, washing out all acid and drying, this structure remains, and if the guncotton were used as a charge in a big gun, no matter how it was compressed the flame of the combustion would be pressed back into these tubes and so accelerate the burning as to give almost instantaneous explosion, straining the gun and giving very low velocity to the projectile.

Nitro-glycerin explodes even more rapidly than guncotton, and if used in a gun would burst it, probably without driving out the projectile at all. Nobel, however, discovered that if a low form of guncotton was macerated in nitro-glycerin the guncotton was gelatinised, all structure disappeared, and both explosives became so tamed in their action that they were converted into a smokeless propellant and could be got into a form in which they were far superior to gunpowder. This idea was improved upon by Sir Frederick Abel and Sir James Dewar, who found that the highest form of guncotton could be got into a gelatinised mass with nitro-glycerin if a common solvent, such as acetone, was used to blend them and afterwards evaporated out; and this, with 5 per cent. of vaseline to increase its stability and lubricate the gun, forms our modern "propellant," cordite, so named from the fact that it is cast into sticks, rods or cords, according to the size of the gun in which it is to be used.

The class of true "high explosives" are all capable of undergoing an instantaneous decomposition by what is known as detonation, which consists in firing in contact with them a small

quantity of mercuric fulminate, which instantly resolves them into gas and creates so enormous and so sudden a pressure that a shell filled with a high explosive and then fired by a detonator is shattered into fragments, causing widespread destruction.

Guncotton is largely used in mines and torpedo heads, and an idea can be gained of the increase in the rate of combustion given by detonation from the fact that a compressed disc of guncotton ignited in the open air takes about half a minute to burn an inch, but that if a train of such discs is fired by detonation the explosion travels at the rate of 200 miles a minute, and a harmless combustion becomes a terrific explosion that destroys everything in its path.

The more modern of our high explosives and those giving the greatest destruction are compounds obtained by acting on certain constituents of coal tar. Among the couple of hundred bodies that go to make up tar are toluene and carbolic acid. When these bodies are successively acted upon by nitric acid, they are converted into trinitrotoluene or "T.N.T.," and into picric acid, the chief constituent of lyddite, compounds that form the charge in the high explosive shells and bombs that have added a hundred-fold to the destructive effects of modern warfare.

Picric acid has been known as an explosive for a long time, and is also the chief constituent of the French Melinite and the Japanese Shimose powder; but it is being slowly replaced by trinitrotoluene, as the latter, while as effective, is not so sensitive in use, and is therefore safer.

The marked characteristic of trinitrotoluene as a bursting charge is the great cloud of black smoke which it gives on detonation, and which has earned for the shells the sobriquet of "Black Marias," "Coal-boxes," etc. Another characteristic of both picric acid and T.N.T. is that when these compounds are properly detonated in the shell, the air concussion is so terrific that men are sometimes killed by the shock at considerable distances without being touched, owing to sudden stoppage of the heart; and in some cases in which death did not ensue and where the sufferer has been sent to England for treatment, Dr. Arthur Haydon has found that serious displacement of the heart had been caused. When death is caused in this way it is instantaneous, and no change in position of the body or closing of the eyes takes place, and this has given rise to the impossible fable of such explosives as the so-called "Turpinité," which is credited with killing by poisonous fumes.

GIRGENTI.

ILLUSTRATED FROM LITHOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

AKRAGAS of the Greeks is an example of swift, short history. No long tradition lies behind it, as Greek cities go, for it was founded in 599 B.C., an offshoot from Gela, itself a Greek colony. Yet between that date and 210 B.C., when, a Carthaginian stronghold, its gates were opened to the Romans by Mutines, the Numidian, and it became Agrigentum, the city passed through many phases of greatness, downfall and resurrection. Its time of greatest glory was that of its tyrant, Theron, who reigned in days when older Hellas was

fighting for her life against Persia, and who partook in the mighty victory of Himera over the forces of Carthage on the very day of Salamis. To-day Girgenti is a garden of temples and of flowers, a very Paradise of spring-time, strewn with the relics of its ancient glory and its outworn creed.

There are ten temples to be traced, from the mighty Olympieion, the second largest temple of the Greek world, with its fallen Telamones, the giants which supported its roof, and which, by a modern popular etymology, figure in the arms of Girgenti, to the tiny shrine enclosed in the



TEMPLE ON THE WALL, GIRGENTI: TEMPLE OF CONCORD.

garden of the convent of St. Nicola, and known as the Cappella di Falaride, though its date makes impossible any connection with that sinister and vainly whitewashed figure, Phalaris, the first tyrant of the newly founded city. The site is a long tableland between the mountains and the shore.

masses down the slopes; the busy, prosperous town that once stretched almost to the Emporion on the shore, the Porto Empedocle, is gone, but the temples stand like a rampart against Time, along the line of the straight southern wall, that is honeycombed with Christian tombs and tunnelled



TEMPLE OF CASTOR AND POLLUX.

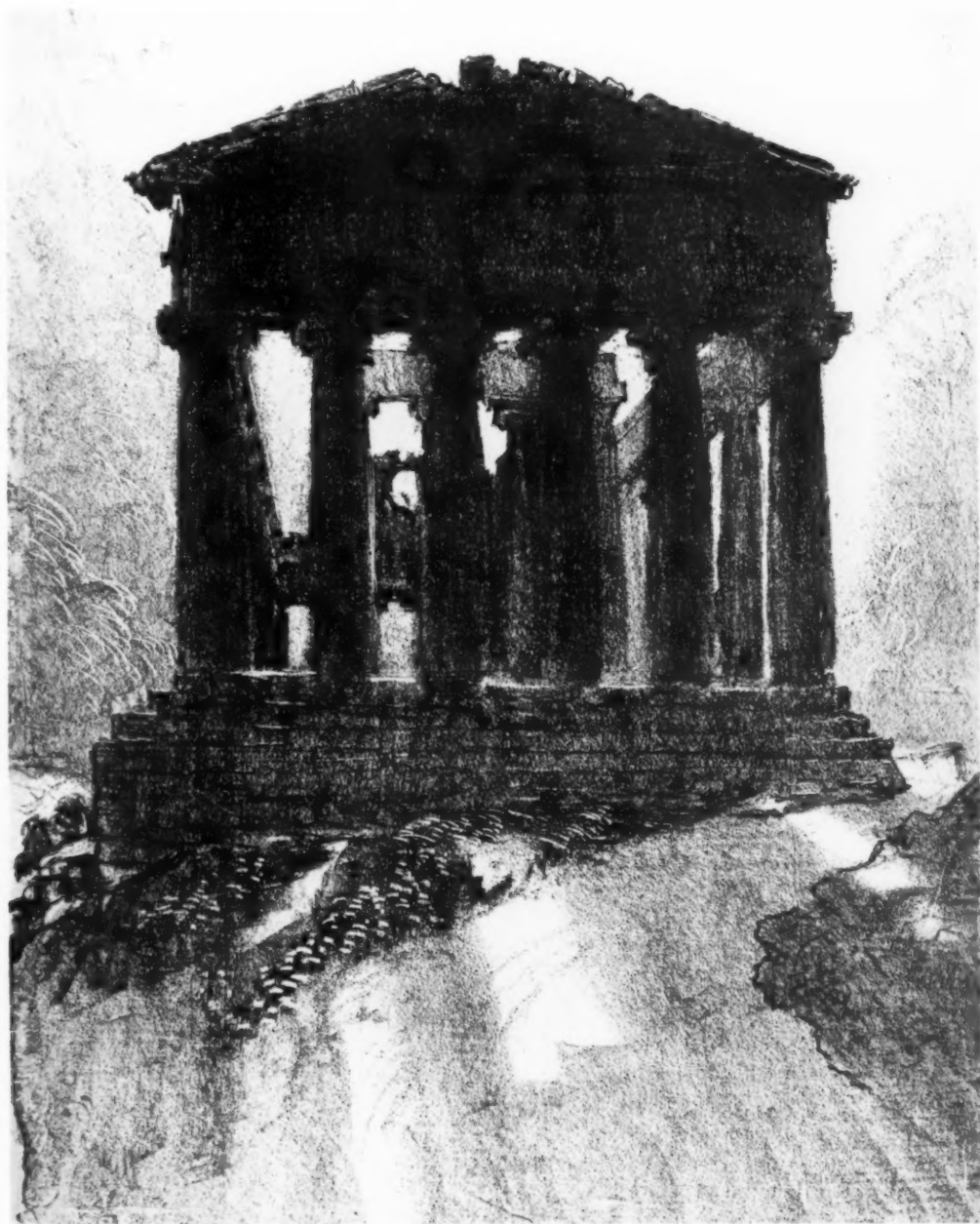
Above it towers the bare Rupe Atenea, and Girgenti stands high upon the Mons Camicus, shrunk back to the proportions of the earliest days.

Below, the cliff drops to the gentle plain that borders the African Sea. The city walls are tumbled in huge

by centuries of the scirocco. Eastward of all the level platform of the Temple of Hera Lakinia crowns the hill, and its gaunt columns are silhouetted against the sky in impressive majesty. Westward a little, the temple called "of Concord" rises almost perfect, and in its exquisite proportions frees

the mind from the slavery of mere size; for though it is not great, it towers, its lines lead away in delicate perspective, and in it the essential beauties of Greek architecture are expressed with more force than in many a greater example of the art. Goethe struck the true note when, comparing this temple with the massive grandeurs of Paestum, he said that it was as though one set the proportions of a god beside those of a giant.

Like the Parthenon, the Temple of Concord owes its preservation to religion, for it was converted in the third century into a church in the invocation of St. Gregorio della Rape. It stands roofless now, but a window in each end of the cella and arches pierced in the side walls recall its use in the service of the Christian faith.



SUNRISE, GIRGENTI: THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD.

The most charming monument of all at Girgenti is the little fragment of the temple called "of Castor and Pollux," which consists of four columns supporting an angle of the entablature, re-erected in modern times upon the original stylobate and constituting one of the most successful achievements of archaeology. Traces of colour are rich upon its stones, but the golden sandstone is more lovely still, and, indeed, the colour of Girgenti is one of its chief glories. Almond orchards, heavy with bloom, stand thick about the temple; the ground flames with anemones, scarlet and purple and blue, or is misty with asphodel swaying in the light breeze; olive trees of immemorial age, saplings, maybe, when the columns were new and gay, keep

them company. The sun-bleached rock above, the plain below, with its two streams winding to the sea, enclose a picture that seems all peace. But hard by are the remains of the Golden Gate, the scene of the last betrayal of Akragas. In the angle where the wall turns northward Hannibal himself was once encamped with an army of a hundred thousand men, and there he died of the plague that fell upon the host for their sacrilege in destroying in their siege operations the tombs of the necropolis beyond the ravine.

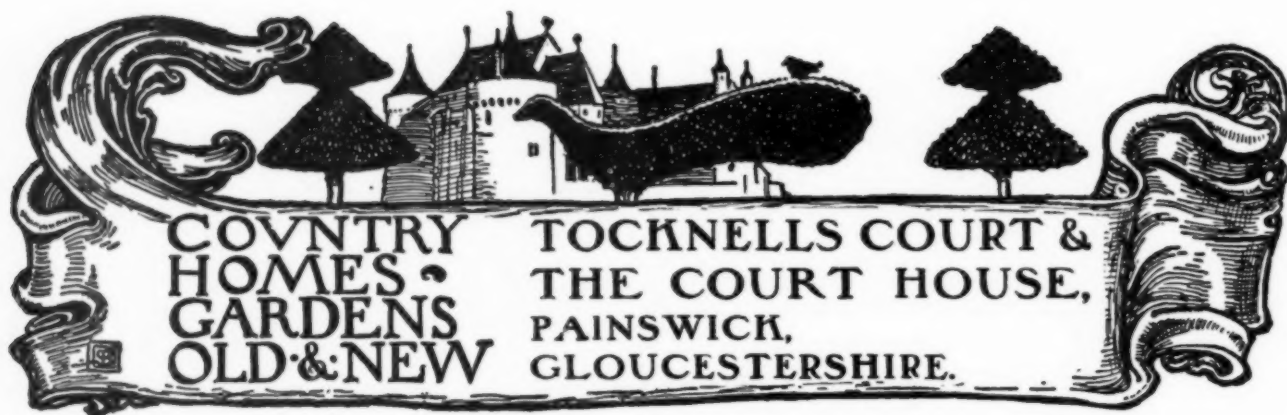
Eastward of the city, on the heights of San Pietro, another Punic force kept watch over the roads from Gela, and along those roads a force of 30,000 Greeks was marching to the rescue of the richest and most splendid city of Sicily, a rescue that failed through dissension, treachery and panic, so that the allies of Akragas left her to her fate, and her generals decreed a general flight. In one night of confusion 40,000 souls crept out to homelessness, and next morning Akragas was at the mercy of the Punic host to pillage and to burn. The still unfinished splendour of the great Temple of Zeus was laid low, and on the furthest height, Gellias, one of the richest and noblest of the Akragantines and those few who, with him, had disdained flight, died in the flames that they themselves had kindled in the temple of Hera Lakinia, whose ruined columns bear the scars of fire to this day.

That was not the end of Akragantine history, which, as was natural in a city so near to the African coast, is strongly influenced by the fortunes of Carthage, now as ally and now as enemy. It was Akragas that sought to stay the whirlwind career of Agathokles, and at the same time to bear arms against his arch-enemy, Carthage; and to the end, as a rich and noble city, Akragas held her place in Sicily. The end came with Roman dominion, and from that time onward

Agrigentum has nothing to record but the depredations by those licensed thieves, the proconsuls of Rome, one of whom, the infamous Verres, tried to steal the statue of Herakles from the hero's own temple by the Golden Gate.

Mr. Pennell's drawings render with singular directness and force the lonely grandeur of Girgenti. Working without the aid of the more obvious beauty of colour, he has emphasised in his subject that underlying quality of strength and permanence which tends too often to be overlooked by the less thoughtful of those who love Girgenti. These drawings serve to teach us that it is there, and that in it is a suggestion of the long loneliness of the forgotten gods.

S. C. KAINES SMITH.



TOCKNELLS COURT is an exceptionally fascinating little Cotswold house with a garden court which was never a manor house, but merely the residence of Edward Tocknell, "gentleman" (but not "armiger"), in the days of Charles I and his descendants in the eighteenth century. The Tocknells were not one of the older Painswick families, like the Collins, Lovedays, Limbricks, Gydes, Cantons and Bankenets, but seem to have made their appearance here during the later reign of Elizabeth, and finally to have vanished at the commencement of the nineteenth century. In the Lay Subsidy for 1626, Edward Tocknell is assessed at £2 8s., and was still living in 1641. He was succeeded by his son, Walter Tocknell. They were among the free tenants who merely paid rent to the lords of the manor, Sir Henry and Sir John Jerningham. The Walter Tocknell of 1608, however, their predecessor, was a millowner and clothier, and a copyhold tenant. He had to pay a fine for ploughing in such manner as to usurp a strip of the green-way leading to Cranham, in the previous year, which suggests that his mill and farm were then already situated where the later pretty residence of his descendants stands, *i.e.*, close beside the small stream now known as the "Wick-water." His second wife was Alice Vike, and he married her August 27th, 1610.

The present house was probably a rebuilding (*circa* 1665) of Walter's house, and has a two-gabled front overlooking a square stone-walled garden close, or court, its central path leading to a pillared gate decorated with two seated lions holding shields, whence a flight of nine steps descends to the green-way that leads beside the stream toward Cranham. These pillars, their lions, the upper courses of the entire wall, the sundial on the front between the gables, the doorhead, the side entrance (south-west) and the long windows, and finally the leaden pipes, there, were all of them added in 1716 by George Newland, merchant, of Bristol, who had married the heiress of Edward Tocknell, and whose initials plainly appear on the rainwater pipes. Their operations at Tocknells probably included some shortening of the gables and rough-casting the surfaces in the manner then fashionable, together with some finer finishing details.

The Newland arms (Arg. on a chevron between three lions rampant sable, three crescents, argent) do not anywhere appear, but the lions over the stone gate posts may well be reminiscent of the lions of the said arms. Mr. Newland died but five years after the house had been overhauled, leaving his widow and a son born 1712-13, who survived until November 8th, 1782, married to Mary Anne, daughter of



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TOCKNELLS COURT FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE CLOSE WALL BY "WICK-WATER."

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Copyright. TOCKNELLS COURT: SOUTH FRONT AND GARDEN CLOSE.

"C.L."



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STAIRWAY FROM CLOSE TO RIVER PATH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

William and Mary Marshal. The widow, Elizabeth (*née* Tocknell) Newland, herself died April 22nd, 1726. The house seems to have been resided in by George Newland (second) with his wife, to whom George Newland (third), born in 1743 (who, in 1765, married Elizabeth Capel), became inheritor, who died in 1791, "sincerely beloved."

The ground, chiefly pasturage, rises gently by a modern made track to the road between Painswick and Cheltenham, which is seen in the first illustration leading to a plantation. The old yew tree beside the garden court is of the Newlands' days. The views up and down the valley, called Salcombe, on a clear morning or afternoon are different in their beauty to most other views at Painswick, though every house there can boast of its fair outlook. The adjoining farm-buildings form an additional attraction.

We have seen that Tocknells Court owed its latter appellation not to any court held there, but to the square court, or close, which is its salient feature. The Court House at Painswick, situated immediately south of the church on sloping ground beyond the cemetery, likewise has no claim to be a court (or manor) house, though for a different reason. It was built by a copyhold tenant, Thomas Gardner, *circa* 1600, within the eastern portion of a three-acre orchard, known as "The Court Orchard," and wherein, until 150 years previously (*circa* 1450), had stood the Court House (*i.e.*, manor house) of the Manor of Painswick.

The manor rolls of the early sixteenth century, as well as many Elizabethan ones, refer to the spot in precisely the same terms as "*vacuum placeam, ubi olim stetit 'Le Courte - House.'*" Since the deliberate pulling down of the said mansion by order of John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury, *circa* 1450, the lords of the manor had resided a mile away from Painswick, at the enlarged Lodge of the ancient Deer-park, which, indeed, remained until 1832 the house of the Jerninghams, who already became possessed of it in the reign of Queen Mary,

to whom Sir Henry was then "Master of the Horse." The houseless Court orchard, which had been held as a pasture field in 1557 by one John Osborne, now began once more to be overlooked by a comely three-gabled stone residence, to the main entrance of which, on the eastern centre, was, at the commencement of James' reign, added a gabled porch, which still bears its date, 1604, although some later tenant has deleted the initials (probably those of Thomas Gardner).

porch. The present picturesque eastern wing was an addition made by John Seaman, D.C.L., between 1615 and 1623, when he died there. His will, in which he calls his residence "my newe Mansion-House," gives it no other name. The earliest known mention of it by its present designation occurs in 1689, when, it having passed out of the hands of Seamans by the death in that year of Giles Seaman, a manor-constable was ordered to be lodged there. This order was, however,



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TOCKNELLS COURT: THE WAY IN BY THE WATER GATE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It may be mentioned in passing that the oak door within it is the original, and traces of bullet holes received by it in the struggle here in 1643-4 are still clearly evident, as are those of General Vavasour's culverin shots on the west wall of the north aisle, as well as upon the east end, of the neighbouring church.

The finished house of Thomas Gardner, Clothier, consisted, therefore, of three gables together with a gabled

rescinded, and by another the Nonconformists were permitted to use the house as a conventicle. When Sir Robert Atkins, who was personally familiar with Painswick, was writing his "History of Gloucestershire," probably about this very time (for he was a trustee for the parish), he did not know the house by the name of "Court-House." It remained a copyhold until enfranchised by its present owner, Mr. E. Marsland, some seventeen years ago. The aforesaid eastern wing,



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COURT HOUSE FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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STEPS AT SOUTH-EAST CORNER TO UPPER GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

shown very clearly as a later annexe of the eastern side of the house, was unfortunately so ill foundationed that as early as 1640 (as the date on one of its south-eastern buttresses reveals), in order to avoid entire collapse, a large mullioned window, a door and a smaller window on the south-east had to be filled in with stone and buttresses were added, while on the south-west, probably at the same time, was added the peculiarly picturesque oriel window, designed as a stone bay, but obviously intended to serve also as a buttress, which functionally it is. The first floor consists of one large oblong room panelled with oak, and possessing a stone fire-mantel, recovered and restored by the proprietor. (Now illustrated.) Very effective and uncommon is the diagonal ornament on the bases of the flanking oak pilaster-strips.

Noteworthy, too, is the tassel terminal of stone to the twisted cord ornament on the jambs of the fireplace and their heavily rolled brooches. Also to be noticed at this side of house and garden is the flight of stone stairs from the upper court garden, having above eight (reversed) old steps and terminating below in expanding semicircular ones. The garden or lawn, above these, is flanked by an old brick wall, with stone quoins and coping.

Turning to the south-western side (or back, to be more precise) of the house, the procession of pearl-grey gables with the handsome chimney-stacks is singularly harmonious, the mullioned windows with their hood moulds acting as subordinate continuities, which greatly add to the cumulative effect of the whole. No doubt the lowly modern excrescences at the north or left-hand corner of the house detract from that portion of the elevation, and so still deprive the building of some of its natural beauty.

The picture from the north-west brings us into intimacy with the bold corbelled quartet of chimneys, which here are set diagonally to the table—a feature well worthy of adoption by modern builders of Cotswold houses and institutions, though they seem so far to have avoided it. The interior of the house contains a few typically oak-panelled rooms and one or two less important (restored) fireplaces. The accompanying plan of the ground floor of the Court House is



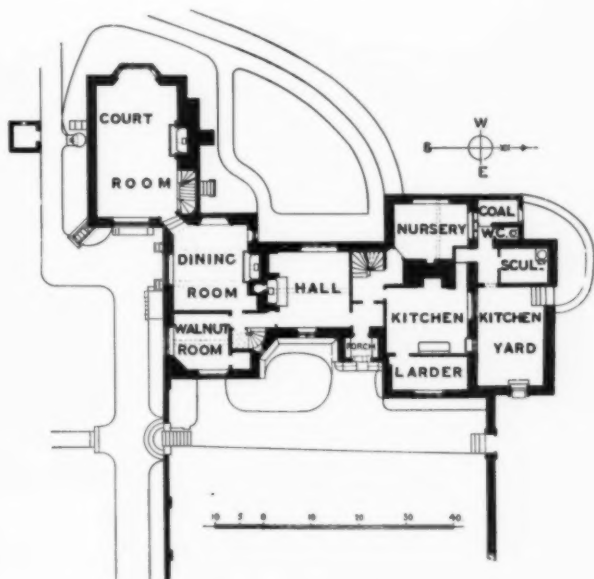
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COURT HOUSE, PAINSWICK, FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

reproduced by the courtesy of its author, Mr. Max Clarke, a sedulous student of Painswick buildings. It is probably to this house that allusion is made in the following Civil War tract by Corbet: "March, 1644. Sir William Vavasour (Royalist General) having obtained two culverins from Oxford advanced (*i.e.* from Tewkesbury) with a strong brigade towards Painswick, with unusual preparation and expectation. Their march afflicted the County and endangered our (Parliamentarian) out-garrisons. He entered Painswick with as gallant Horse and Foote as the King's Army did yield. Here (our) Governor (Massey) had placed a guard in a house near the church, into which the church also was taken in by a breastwork of earth. The intention of the guard was to command contribution and keepe off a plundering party: and order was given to the Lieutenant

place and not understanding the strength of the (opponent's) army, and not willing to draw off before the last minute, was inforced by the enemy to engage himself and many willing people of the neighbourhood in that weak hold; and upon the first onset deserted the House being the stronger part and betook himselfe to the Church; which wanting flankers the enemy had quickly gained by firing the doores and casting in hand-granadoes, some few were slaine in defending the place, and the rest taken prisoners. We lost three inferior officers, seaven and thirty common soldiers, and many country-men: i e Painswick folk." Sir William Vavasour therefore won the day; but, as he wrote to Lord Percy (General of Ordnance), beseeching him to send him more common bullets. "I have taken Painswick though the Rebels have possession of many houses." ST. CLAIR BADDELEY.



GROUND PLAN OF THE COURT HOUSE.

which commanded, to maintaine it against a lesser party; but, if the maine body and Artillery advanced upon them, to relinquish it and retreate downe the Hill to Bruckthorp (where the Governor had set a guard to prevent the enemies falling downe into the bottome) for which purpose they were assisted with a troop of horse, to make goode such a retreate if need were. But the Lieutenant, more confident of the



COURT HOUSE: IN THE BILLIARD ROOM.

IN THE GARDEN.

EVERGREEN SHRUBS.

BY W. J. BEAN.

THERE is in flower now (early April) a very charming evergreen from Chile—*Azara microphylla*. No small tree or shrub surpasses it in grace, and its flowers—small and greenish, with yellow anthers—have a strong perfume resembling that of *Vanilla*.

The Evergreen Barberries are a host in themselves. *Berberis stenophylla* is not far from being the most beautiful of flowering evergreens, uniting much grace of habit with an exceptional profusion of golden yellow blossom and a very hardy nature. It is a hybrid, and one of its parents, *B. Darwinii*, is also a shrub of great value, free of blossom and with foliage of the glossiest dark green. Flowering as early as February, and valuable on that account, are *B. japonica* and its variety *Bealei*, both with large, boldly cut, pinnate leaves. Two of the new Chinese Barberries promise to be very useful as dwarf evergreens, namely, *B. verruculosa* and *B. candidula*; both have black, shining green leaves vividly blue-white beneath.

In many gardens there is still too much cropping down of evergreens done. A low evergreen cover is often needed—it may be for the inside of a low terrace wall—and to obtain it big common evergreens like Laurels and pontic *Rhododendron* are planted, which have to be kept low by cutting over every year. In earlier times when evergreens were scarce, there was an excuse for this; but now there are many dwarf evergreens available, these two Barberries among them. For the same purpose the following may also be recommended: *Cotoneaster congesta* and *C. thymifolia*, *Daphniphyllum humile*, *Eurya japonica*, *Daphne neapolitana*, *Buxus Harlandii*, *Ilex crenata*, *Cistus Loretii* and *Skimmia Fortunei*. In semi-shaded spots *Berberis Aquifolium*, Butcher's Broom (*Ruscus aculeatus*), *Ruscus hypoglossum*, *Vinca major* and *Euonymus radicans* are useful for making a low evergreen cover.

Ceanothus.—The majority of the *Ceanothuses* need the protection of a wall, and, for growing there, no more beautiful flowering evergreen can be selected than *C. rigidus* or *C. papillosus*. Very attractive also are *C. thyrsiflorus* var. *griseus*, *C. veitchianus* and *C. dentatus*. All these have blue or bluish flowers, the most brilliant in hue being *C. rigidus*. To *C. thyrsiflorus* (the type,

not the variety *griseus*, which is less hardy) I would like to draw special attention. This is not only the largest of *Ceanothuses*, but it is one of the hardiest. It makes a big shrub or small tree eventually 20ft. to 40ft. high, and bears its pale blue flowers in profuse masses. I know a tree approaching 30ft. in height, near London, which survived the great frosts of 1895. No colour is so rare among hardy trees and shrubs as blue, and there is no tree or shrub of its size and hardiness, with blue flowers, to equal this *Ceanothus*.

Cistus.—The furnishing of dry, hot banks with an evergreen cover is often very desirable. Frequently it is tried and given up as hopeless or involving too much trouble, because wrong, moisture-loving things are planted there. For such places the Rock Roses are among the best shrubs one can use, yet they are very much neglected. The genus, of course, as a whole is tender, but the following are hardy in most districts: *C. laurifolius*, about 6ft. high, its flowers white, its young foliage and stems covered with a resinous gum delightfully fragrant on a sunny day, and recalling to travellers the *macchia*-clad hills of Corsica. *C. cyprius* is a hybrid between it and *C. ledaniferus*, its white flowers having a fine crimson blotch at the base of each petal, its habit more graceful and less stiff than that of *C. laurifolius*. Other *Cistuses* that may be grown are *C. Loretii* (white, with a crimson blotch) and *C. corbariensis* (white). In all but the hardest winters these make good evergreen cover for dry, sunny banks, which do, indeed, provide the best conditions to suit their needs.

Cotoneaster.—Two small evergreen *Cotoneasters* have just been mentioned. Of larger size is *C. buxifolia*, an extremely valuable shrub for making a screen up to 10 feet high. Its branches are long and slender, and if they can be given the support, say, of an unsightly iron fence, the plant forms a very graceful mass of greenery besides effectively blocking out from view the fence and everything behind it. Some of the new Chinese *Cotoneasters* promise to be among the most attractive and useful evergreens among recent introductions. Two varieties of *C. salicifolia*, viz., *rugosa* and *floccosa*, bear great crops of bright red berries, and both, but the latter especially, are



E. J. Wallis

A NOBLE GROUP OF FLOWERING YUCCAS.

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extremely elegant. *C. turbinata* has greyish green leaves, and is distinct in flowering about six weeks later than any other species, that is, towards the end of July. Other Chinese species that may be mentioned as worthy of cultivation are *henryana*, *harroviana*, *humifusa* or *Dammeri radicans*, the illustration being from a photograph taken in the Hon. Vicary Gibbs' garden at Aldenham; *Franchetii* and *pannosa*. *C. microphylla*, long ago introduced from the Himalaya, makes a dense, low mass of greenery.

Elæagnus.—Three species of Oleasters are worth growing, not only as pleasing evergreens, but also because they bear very fragrant flowers in October and November. They are *E. glabra*, *E. macrophylla* and *E. pungens*. Of the last there are some very handsomely variegated forms.

Escallonia.—This genus in general is best suited in Cornwall and similarly mild counties, but *E. rubra* and *langleyensis* (red), and *illinita*, *viscosa* and *exoniensis* (white) are hardy near London. For milder localities *E. floribunda*, *montevidensis*, *pulverulenta*, *revoluta* and *pterocladon* (with white flowers), *macrantha* and *organensis* (with red ones) are all good.

Ligustrum lucidum is the finest of all Privets. I have seen it approaching 40ft. in height in the Dalmatian towns, and Wilson found it as a tree with a portly trunk at least half as high again in Western China. Its large, glossy leaves and fine panicles of white flowers, produced as late as September, should secure it more notice.

Osmanthus Aquifolium is often mistaken for Holly, but is always distinguishable by its opposite leaves. It and its several varieties make neat habited evergreens and bear small but fragrant white flowers in autumn. The hardest and most striking of them is *purpureus*, whose young shoots are shining black. Two additions have recently been made to the genus—*O. armatus*, with remarkable spiny toothed leaves up to 6in. long and of a cast iron like stiffness; and *O. Delavayii*, a very pleasing species with pure white, scented blossoms, appearing in April. Both are from Western China.

Olearia Haastii is, perhaps, the hardest of New Zealand shrubs. Its dark green leaves are about the size of Box leaves, and its flower clusters pure white and Hawthorn-like in fragrance. It is a very good seaside plant, but has the defect of retaining its flower heads, dead and brown, long into the winter.

Pyracantha.—Of the common *Pyracantha* (*P. coccinea*) little need be said except that instead of being nearly always grown on walls, it might more often be seen fully in the open, where it is quite hardy, makes a dense, shapely bush and bears fruit freely. *P. angustifolia*, the new Chinese introduction, does need a wall. In the fruiting season it is very beautiful, and so persistent are its brilliant orange yellow berries that they are, this season, only falling now (early April). *P. crenulata*, long known from the Himalaya, has recently been reinforced by new stock of Chinese origin which promises to be harder than the old one. The Hon. Vicary Gibbs showed it in fine form at Westminster late in the year, and although inferior in size (and perhaps colour) of fruit to *P. coccinea*, it has more grace of habit, and its fruits ripen later and remain longer on the branches.

Raphiolepis japonica, a Japanese evergreen with thick, stiff leaves 2in. or 3in. long, has been quite neglected in the open air, although introduced fifty years ago. It got the reputation of being a greenhouse plant, and it was only when some bold spirit tried it out of doors that its merits as a hardy flowering evergreen were established. In June it bears a number of pure white, scented blossoms, each three-quarters of an inch wide, in an erect cluster.

New Zealand Veronicas are now an extensive group, but mostly need a mild climate. The hardest and best for general purposes is *V. Traversii*, a shapely, free flowering evergreen ultimately 6ft. high and twice as much in diameter. Many others are good seaside shrubs.

Viburnum.—An extremely serviceable evergreen is the *Laurustinus* (*Viburnum Tinus*). Of neat habit, cheerful and glossy in foliage, it often flowers during midwinter, even as early as November. In Ireland they grow a very striking, big flowered variety with large, lustrous leaves, called *lucidum*, which we find



Reginald A. Malby.

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COTONEASTER HUMIFUSA OR DAMMERI RADICANS.
A NEW DWARF SHRUB FROM CHINA.

It has coral red berries, and is excellent for the rock garden.

which do not form erect stems and thus keep close to the ground, are *Y. flaccida* and *Y. filamentosa*. All these are admirable plants.

more tender than the type. I do not think any of the new species from China will equal the old *Laurustinus* in value, but they present the genus in some new and striking aspects. *V. rhytidophyllum*, with its large and extraordinarily wrinkled leaves and fine red fruits; *V. Henryi*, with its pyramidal clusters of fruit, also red; the dwarf *V. Davidii*, with dark green leaves, prominently three-veined, like those of the Cinnamon tree, and blue fruits; and *V. utile*, very pretty in flower—all these may be recommended as attractive in their several ways.

Yucca.—Like the Bamboos, the Yuccas bring to our gardens a type of vegetation essentially alien in appearance and character to our native one; yet in gardens, especially in association with formal arrangements, they give much distinction to the scene. The best and most serviceable of all is *Y. recurvifolia*, the next *Y. gloriosa*, with its crown of clustered, sword-like leaves, stiffer and not so graceful as the more arching ones of *recurvifolia*, and more liable to injury by snow. Both have magnificent terminal panicles, several feet high, of creamy white flowers, standing erect above the crown of leaves. Less hardy and accommodating, but very striking also, is *Y. glauca* (or *angustifolia*), with a globose mass of narrow leaves. Two dwarf species,

A SENTIMENTALIST ON FOXES.

IT was inevitable in these tremendous times that among the many voices suggesting various drastic measures for our salvation, those of Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith, the poultry farmers, should be heard loud as any advocating the extirpation of foxes, a measure, they say, which would result in a considerable addition to the food supply of the country in the form of eggs and chickens. Even so do the fruit growers remind us in each recurring spring that it would be an immense advantage to the country if the village children were given one or two holidays each week in March and April, and sent out to hunt and destroy queen wasps, every wasp brought in to be paid for by a bun at the public cost. That the wasp, an eater of ripe fruit, is also for six months every year a greedy devourer of caterpillars and flies injurious to plant life is a fact the fruit grower ignores. The fox, too, has his uses to the farmer, seeing that he subsists largely on rats, mice and voles; but he has a greater and nobler use, as the one four-footed creature left to us in these islands to be hunted, seeing that without this glorious sport we should want horses for our cavalry and men of the right kind on their backs to face the Huns who would destroy us.

Apart from all these questions and considerations, which angels and humanitarians would laugh at, the fox is a being one cannot help loving. For he is, like man's servant and friend the dog, highly intelligent, and is to the good, honest dog like the picturesque and predatory gypsy to the respectable member of the community. He is a rascal if you like, but a handsome red rascal, with a sharp, clever face and a bushy tail, and good to meet in any green place. This feeling of admiration and friendliness for the fox is occasionally the cause of a qualm of conscience in even the most hardened old hunter. "By gad, he deserved to escape!" is a not uncommon exclamation in the field, or "I wish we had been able to spare him!" or even, "It was really hardly fair to kill him."

Here let me relate an old forgotten fox story—a hunting incident of about eighty years ago—and how it first came to be told. When J. Britton, a labourer's son in a small agricultural village in Wiltshire, and in later life the author of many big volumes on the "Beauties of England and Wales," came up to London to earn a precarious living as bottle washer, newspaper office boy and in various other ways, it was from the first his ambition to see himself in print, and eventually, because of his

importunity, he was allowed by a kindly editor to write a paragraph relating some little incident of his early years. What he wrote was the fox story—a hunting incident in the village which had deeply impressed his boy mind. The fox, hard pressed and running for dear life, came into the village and took refuge in a labourer's cottage, and, entering by the kitchen door, passed into an inner room, and, jumping into a cradle where a baby was sleeping, concealed himself under the coverings. The baby's mother had gone out a little way, but presently seeing the street in a commotion, full of dogs and mounted men, she flew back to her cottage and rushed to the cradle, and plucking off the coverlet saw the fox snugly curled up by the side of her child, pretending to be, like the baby, fast asleep. She snatched the sleeping child up, then began screaming and beating the fox until, leaping out of the cot, he fled from that inhospitable place, only to encounter the whole yelling pack at the threshold, where he was quickly worried to death.

The editor was so pleased with the anecdote that he not only printed it, but encouraged the little rustic to write other things, and that is how his career as a writer began.

Now, albeit a sentimentalist, I would not say that the fox took refuge in a cradle with a sleeping baby and pretended to be asleep just to work on the kindly, maternal feelings of the cottage woman and so save his life, but I do say, and am pretty sure that not one of the Hunt and not a villager but felt that the killing of that particular fox was not quite the right thing to do or not altogether fair.

This incident has served to remind me of another from South America, told to me by an Anglo-Argentine friend as we sat and talked one evening in Buenos Aires, comparing notes about the ways of beasts and birds. The fox of that distant land is not red like his English cousin; his thick coat is composed of silver white and jet black hairs in about equal proportion, resulting in an iron grey colour, with fulvous tints on the face, legs and under parts. If not as pretty as our red fox, he is a fine-looking animal, with as sharp a nose and as thick a brush, and, mentally, does not differ in the least from him. He is not preserved nor hunted in that country, but being injurious to poultry is much persecuted.

My friend had been sheep farming on the western frontier, and one winter evening when he was alone in his ranch he was sitting by the fire whiling away the long hours before bedtime by playing on his flute. Two or three times he thought he heard a sound of a person pressing heavily against the door from the outside, but being very intent on his music, he took no notice. By and by there was a distinct creaking of the wood, and getting up and putting down his flute he took up the gun and, stepping to the door, seized the handle and pulled it open very suddenly, when down at his feet on the floor of the room tumbled a big dog fox. He had been standing up on his hind legs, his fore feet pressed against the door and his ear at the keyhole, listening to the dulcet sounds. The fox rolled on the floor, frightened and confused by the light; then, picking himself up, dashed out, but before going twenty yards he pulled up and looked back just when the gun was at my friend's shoulder. There had been no time for reflection, and in a moment Reynard, or Robert as we sometimes call him, was on the ground bleeding his life out.

I did not like the end of his story, and I fancied, too, from his look that he rather hated himself for having killed that particular fox and regretted having told me about it.

In another instance which remains to be told, the fox, in England this time, who had got into trouble and was in dire danger, was saved not once, but twice, just because there was

time for reflection. It was told to me at Sidmouth by an old fisherman well known to the people of that town as "Uncle Sam," a rank sentimentalist like myself, to whom birds and beasts are as much as human beings. It chanced that in 1887 he was occupied in collecting materials for a big bonfire on the summit of Barrow Hill, a high hill on the coast west of the town, in preparation for Queen Victoria's first Jubilee, when one day, on coming down from his work, he met a band of excited boys all armed with long, stout sticks, which they had just cut in the adjacent wood.

Uncle Sam stopped them and told them he knew very well what they were after; they had got their sticks to beat the bushes for birds, and he was determined to prevent them from doing such a thing. The boys all cried out, denying that they had any such intention, and told him they had found a fox caught in a steel trap with one of his fore legs crushed, and as it would perhaps be a long time before the keeper would come round, they were going to kill the fox with their sticks to put it out of its misery. Uncle Sam said it would be better to save its life, and asked them to take him to the spot. This they did willingly, and there, sure enough, was a big fine fox held by one leg crushed above the knee. He was in a savage temper, and with ears laid back and teeth bared he appeared ready to fight for his life against the crowd. Uncle Sam made them place themselves before the tortured beast and tease him with their sticks, pretending to aim blows at his head. He in the meantime succeeded in setting the end of his stick on the shaft of the gin and, pressing down, caused the teeth to relax their grip, and in a moment the fox was free and, darting away, disappeared from their sight in the wood.

A year or so later Uncle Sam heard of his rescued fox, a three-legged one, the crushed limb having fallen or been gnawed off. He had been seen near that spot where he had been caught. This was close to the highest part of the wall-like cliff, and he had a refuge somewhere among the rocks in the face of it some forty or more feet below the summit. Those, too, who walked on the sands beneath the cliff sometimes saw his tracks—the footprints of a three-legged fox. Doubtless he had modified his way of life and subsisted partly on small crabs and anything eatable the sea cast up on the beach, and for the rest on voles and other small deer obtainable near the cliff. At all events, he was never met with at any distance from the sea, and was in no danger from the Hunt, as he was always close to his fortress in the precipitous cliff.

One day a farmer, the tenant of the land at that spot, who was out with his gun and, walking quickly on the narrow path in the larch wood close to the cliff looking out for rabbits, came face to face with the three-legged fox. He stopped short, and so did the fox, and the gun was brought to the shoulder and the finger to the trigger, for it is a fact that foxes *are* shot in England by farmers when they are too numerous, and in any case here was a useless animal for hunting purposes, since he had but three legs. But before the finger touched the trigger it came into the man's mind that this animal had done him no harm, and he said, "Why should I kill him? No, I'll let him keep his life," and so the fox escaped again.

More was heard from time to time about the three-legged fox, and that went on until quite recently—about four years ago, I was told. If we may suppose the fox to have been two or three years old when caught in a trap, and that he finished his life four or five years ago, he must have lived about twenty-six years. That would be a much longer period than the domestic dog has, and for all I know the fox may be living still, or, if dead, he may have ended his life accidentally. W. H. HUDSON.

RUSSIAN WOMEN AND THE LAND.

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM.

A GREAT deal of interest has been aroused in this country by the question, Can women in any appreciable way make up the deficiency of labouring hands now felt on the land owing to the numbers of peasant labourers taken away by the war? At a recent meeting of influential women at the house of Lady Cowdray it was announced that the Government were giving their support to an initial experiment to be carried on under the auspices of the National and Political League; five farms would be acquired and trained women set to work them. The experiment gains an unusual importance from the increased urgency of guarding and improving our food supply. If women can take the place of men on the soil, we have no need to fear the absorption of the men into the ranks.

In Russia it is otherwise than with us. Women always do a great deal of the work on the land. Even in time of peace they do more than three-quarters of the toil, and in time of war when the men are called away they take on the rest of the work

without feeling much strain. They sow and they reap. The ordinary peasant family rises just before dawn; the cows are milked, and then the whole family goes off to the fields, returning about eight or nine for the samovar and morning tea. The goodman goes off to the vodka shop for a bottle, and it often happens he does no more work for the day; but the women go forth after breakfast and spend the whole of the rest of the day working, coming home in the evening with the cows and the geese, boisterous and sunburnt and ravenous. Then comes the meal of the day and the pleasant evening.

The great difference between our country life and that of the Russians is the infection of villadom and suburbanism which has invaded land in the immediate neighbourhood of towns and is gradually spreading outward and beginning in some degree to influence the spirit of the farm labourers. Their womenkind ape at a distance the ways of the fashionable. Their dresses are, if not *à la mode*, as near it as can be imitated by those who provide ready made clothes. Manual labour is

not held in respect. Domestic service is preferred to dairy work and "genteel" employment in shops to domestic service.

The thing that stands most in the way of the English countrywoman emulating the example of her Russian sister is the house. If our peasant women are coming out to replace the men, it is going to be a great struggle of house *versus* field. The Russian woman can spend all day amid the corn because she has nothing much to do at home. Her home is simplicity itself.

The family sleeps on hay in barns or on coats spread on the floor: there are no beds to make. It often eats from one big pot with wooden spoons distributed all round; there are no dishes to wash. There are no mantelpieces and pianos, and so no vases to dust. There is no special room for visitors. There is not the fussing over children that there is in this country. There are not the three-course dinners to cook—only a pot on the fire and a chicken or bit of beef stewing with vegetables and plenty of water. Jam when it is made is cooked in the yard in big pans, 20lb. at a time. There is next to no dressmaking; the women wear cottons. No darning of stockings at night—almost everyone goes bare-legged. There is, consequently, a simplicity and spaciousness in their life. The women live with the earth and the air and the sun. It must be said they are

none the worse for their open air, toilsome existence. They are fine, open-faced, well built, hearty women, strong as men, without nerves, not knowing what it is to worry and fret. It is *par excellence* the house-slave type of woman who worries. Sun and earth and air save you from worrying. And the children of those who work on the fields are strong and healthy, whereas the children of those who dwell in houses are often fragile delicate, nervous. There is a great deal to be said for freeing our women from the house and enfranchising them upon the fields.

The question sheds new light on the old "back to the land" cry. We need people on the land, it is true, but what we need much more than that is a good physical background to the race. It is not so much the crops we need as a foundation of national health. We do not want slim townsmen contriving cunningly to raise vegetables or dairy products so much as we need children of the soil itself, men and women who own the rude earth as mother. This, at any rate, is an important part of the truth if it is not the whole truth. The late Bishop Fraser of Manchester and his colleagues, when they drew up the famous report on women and children engaged in agriculture, discovered a closely similar state of things existing in the England of the middle of the nineteenth century.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MR. JOHN BAILEY'S high reputation as a critic will not suffer from the new volume which he has contributed to the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge, *Milton* (Williams and Norgate). The book naturally divides itself into two portions—that in which the author very skilfully draws a picture of the poet while narrating the chief events of his life, and the other part the account of his works. Mr. Bailey, as was, perhaps, natural, makes the most of Milton's character. On the principle that to know all is to forgive all, he tries to discover a reason for the least satisfactory of Milton's actions, and some of them are difficult to explain. Milton's character was as great and lofty as is to be found in the history of Great Britain. He was a student and scholar, yet never at any time allowed himself to be mastered by his own learning. There is nothing of the mere pedant, nothing of the dry-as-dust about him. As a student in the university, it was noticed that he was very conscious of possessing uncommon ability, and he had none of the false modesty which might have led him to assume a humility he did not feel. Where his character failed was in the lack of quiet moderation and sympathetic understanding. He very early in life espoused the cause of Parliament against the King, and from the moment of his doing so he appeared unable to recognise anything right on the other side. His pamphlets are extraordinary examples of slashing vituperation and coarse invective. The same characteristic emerged in his domestic relations. He had a grievance against his first wife, who left him very soon after they had been married, and to this cause we owe his strong advocacy of the right of a husband to divorce any wife with whom he was dissatisfied. That is one of the extraordinary productions of Milton. He seemed incapable of sitting down to consider what might happen to the woman. According to his argument, she might be absolutely innocent of anything except an unconscious capacity for worrying her husband, yet, having once been married and taken his name, her position could not but be dubious and uncomfortable if divorced on such slight pretext. This side of the question he did not argue at all. His defence of regicide was written before the act. The redeeming feature of his political character was its uncompromising aspect. A great many people expected that after the restoration of Charles II the poet would have been hanged. He himself was perfectly aware of that danger, but he neither fled nor dissembled his views. In fact, he was as strongly against the King after the death of Cromwell as he had been during his life. Yet, withal, he was in the inmost chamber of his soul a pure aristocrat, who had the utmost contempt for the opinion of the rabble. He could adduce as an argument in his favour the fact that what he professed was held by a majority, and when it was the other way about, could pour contempt upon those who

moulded their views in accordance with the will of the "rabble." In a word, Milton was one of those men who never can see two sides of a question. We can easily imagine Shakespeare swithering between to be or not to be; but Milton arrived at a decision and stuck to it. All this has to be understood before arriving at any worthy estimate of his poetry.

Mr. Bailey says very rightly that "each succeeding generation sees the peaks of humanity from a new point of view, which cannot be exactly the same as that of its predecessor." In the case of Milton this is exceptionally true. The mission on which he set out was to justify the way of God to man. It necessitated the elucidation of a cosmogony in which he believed. We think Mr. Bailey might have done well to go more deeply into the difference between "Paradise Lost" and Dante's "Inferno." Whatever may be the relative merits of the two, the latter will always be the more interesting. Dante had something to say, and the horror he excites by his journey through the confines of Hell is part of the great experience of the human race. The more we study him the more we know that his voice is that of the hitherto dumb race of men explaining by concrete examples what actions they have condemned and what exalted in the history of those aeons during which the holy spirit of man was being forged out of the beast.

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom,

To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

Milton, on the other hand, had in that sense nothing to say. He was determined to write a great poem, and first he thought it should be of King Arthur and the Round Table. Later in life he took for his subject the Creation, and, as Mr. Bailey says, his fault lay in believing too much. Those who have listened to the voices during three centuries of thought and speculation following his day do not so easily rid themselves of doubt; but in all time there have been poets and wise men who saw that to humanity no help has been accorded "Behind the veil! Behind the veil!" Shakespeare's creed reached no further than the saying, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." It was the attitude of Homer as, before him, it had been the attitude of Job. "For now," says the latter, "I should have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept; then had I been at rest." It is the more surprising that Milton should be so great since his poetry only shadowed forth the belief of a brief time, and Mr. Bailey is in truth much more successful in exposing the beauties of the poetry than in

accounting for its existence. There is only one part of his discourse which we do not feel to be convincing, and that is the chapter in which he deals with the Milton sonnets. He says:

Not even Shakespeare and Petrarch can alter the fact that the genius of the sonnet is solitary and self-contained. A series of sonnets is an artistic contradiction in terms. There may be magnificent individual sonnets in it which can stand alone, without reference to those that precede or follow; and so far so good; but on the bulk of the series there inevitably rests the taint of incompleteness. They do not explain themselves.

Mr. Bailey at the beginning of his book quotes the well known Wordsworth sonnet on Milton. He might very advantageously have quoted Wordsworth's sonnet on "The Sonnet":

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frown'd,
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
Shakespeare unlock'd his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camoens sooth'd an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glitter'd a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crown'd
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,
It cheer'd mild Spenser, call'd from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

The pregnant passage here is, we think,

with this key
Shakespeare unlock'd his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;

The sonnet has ever been employed to most advantage in setting forth what is most intimate and precious in the poet's mind. It is because of this that there are no mediocre sonnets, only a few that are very fine and a vast number that are a wilderness of commonplace. Mr. Bailey, we think, attaches too much importance to the form. He is very, very certain about the superiority of the Petrarchian model, but has to admit that Milton's example in reverting to Petrarch has not been decisive. Keats began with it, and gave it up for the Shakespearean model with the concluding couplet. Of this poet's three great sonnets two are Shakespearean, though the one that is not Shakespearean is counted by Mr. Bailey to be his single masterpiece. Rossetti's sonnets ought not to have come into the question.

Sir Edward Grey, K.G. (Newnes.)

THE anonymous author of this biographical sketch has performed a difficult task well. To write the biography of a man who is still alive must always be hard; it is harder when he is still at the zenith of his career, with his work but half done; hardest of all when that career is in the realms of diplomacy, so that the biographer must walk very delicately, and may not say even so much as he knows. A book written in such circumstances is likely to be quite frankly an eulogy, and this one is no exception to the rule, but there is no laying on of butter with a trowel; praise is given with becoming sobriety and discretion. Something of mystery hangs about Sir Edward Grey. Everybody has a great respect for, and belief in, him, and few people have any quite definite knowledge about him save that he is a distinguished fisherman and tennis player. "It is a paradox that a man so simple and straightforward should still be so much of an enigma," says his biographer, and he naturally cannot at this time propound a complete solution, but he does give us a distinct picture of a man whose thoughts and words are, above everything else, "luminous, reasonable, moderate and judicial." He also makes us realise what a number of intensely difficult situations it has fallen to Sir Edward Grey to handle since he became Foreign Secretary—the Italian-Turkish War, Agadir, the Balkan War and the stupendous crisis through which we are still passing. One of the most interesting parts of the book deals with Sir Edward's youth and the friendship and influence of Bishop Creighton, who then held the benefice of Embleton in Northumberland. There is also some pleasant talk about fishing, and we cannot do better than quote Sir Edward's own account of a fishing expedition with an old game-keeper. "At the end of the walk it was as if we had reached another country and were living in another day under a different sky. The gamekeeper fished more leisurely than I, and sometimes he would be lost among the windings of the burn, to be found again by the sight of the smoke from his pipe rising gently from behind a whin bush. When I now recall that distant land, I see always somewhere among the whin bushes a little curl of thin smoke and no other sign of an inhabitant."

A Lover's Tale, by Maurice Hewlett. (Ward, Lock.)

MR. HEWLETT has made a new venture; with great gusto and dash he has recast an Icelandic saga, of which he says in a note at the end of his book: "Two English versions of this tale are known to me. . . . One of them, the more critical and crabbed of the pair, is to be found in the second volume of York Powell's and Vigfusson's 'Origines Islandicæ'; the other, which includes a good deal omitted in the first, and is a more genial work altogether, if not so correct, is by Messieurs W. G. Collingwood and Jón Stefánsson. . . ." We are inclined to think that geniality is a quality which may be easily overrated, especially in a translation, but it would be cruel to censor it in a novelist. Mr. Hewlett might compete with other successful writers of English fiction for a genial prize, and if such a prize existed, his latest work would

certainly not diminish his chances of winning it. For Mr. Hewlett is no mere translator, and he makes some very sensible remarks about the academic attitude of such persons towards folk stories. He says: "We are apt to stumble upon discrepancies in old stories, to put them down to outlandish customs or outmoded ones, or the vagaries of the romancer, and to slur them over. But it's not the way to get the good out of a good tale to say: 'To be sure, it might be better, but let's get on.' This is true, and we sympathise with Mr. Hewlett's wish to make his tale, as he says, 'accountable'; but there is another way in which it might have been made so: the way of unconscious assimilation and of real poetic insight, which we feel has been closed to him. Surely these old stories, by their style and by the unforced simplicity with which they reach their dramatic climaxes, make us ample atonement for any lost coherency, or for the cracks and chips of time. Mr. Hewlett has covered all these ravages with a kind of brilliant varnish. We cannot tell what is foreign from what is native to the structure of his story, but of its atmosphere we can safely say that all is new. On the whole we are inclined to think that there is something to be said for crabbedness."

An Introduction to Field Archaeology, as Illustrated in Hampshire.

by J. P. Williams-Freeman, M.D. (Macmillan.)

THIS is the most important work on the subject since Mr. A. Hadrian Allcroft's "Earthwork of England," and it does for a single county what that notable work did for the whole country, with such amplification in detail as the smaller area involves. After an excellent survey of the general features of the subject, the author deals with individual places, and happily adopts the method of making a complete inspection of the county by a series of conducted rambles, usually of fifteen to twenty miles in length. The round of the Hampshire earthworks can thus be made in some twenty-three days. The method is an admirable one, for Dr. Williams-Freeman discourses so delightfully that his practical directions are supplemented by an immense amount of information, imparted on the way. It may be of the stage of civilisation at some prehistoric period, of the natural distribution of trees or their artificial introduction, of driftways, saltways and trackways in general, of the flowers that stud the turf of chalk downs, of snowdrops on the banks of an earthwork, of dewponds and their construction, of the last remaining gibbet, of the old semaphores, of lynchets and cultivation terraces, of the narrow belts of primeval woodland which survive among the chalk hills—as they do to this day quite near to London. The publishers have made of this an admirable book, worthy in its type and format of the careful and exhaustive work of the author.

The Lady of the Reef, by F. Frankfort Moore. (Hutchinson.)

THE hero of this story is an artist who, having lived and painted in Paris very comfortably on £400 a year, comes unexpectedly into another £2,000 a year and an estate in Ulster. It is Mr. Moore's misfortune that we are not now so keenly interested in Ulster as we were in that prehistoric time, the early summer of 1914; but even so we find our artist's new surroundings both curious and entertaining. Mr. McGowan, the garrulous, vulgar, capable little Belfast solicitor who regards the position of J.P. for County Down as the ultimate goal of all human ambition, is very good company, and so is Morgan, the family butler, who is surely like no butler that ever was seen out of the North of Ireland. These really capital characters are, we think, rather more interesting than the hero's love affairs, one in Ireland with the lady of the reef, and another tentative one with a lady artist in Paris. But the whole book is pleasant, easy-going reading, and Mr. McGowan's, in himself, quite sufficient cause for gratitude.

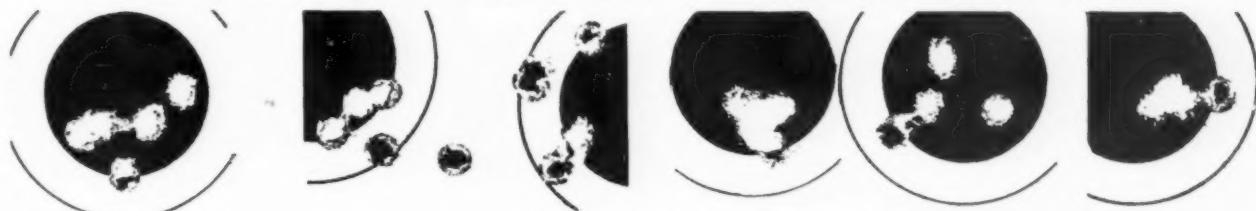
Sweet Herbs and Bitter, by Morley Roberts. (Eveleigh Nash.)

MR. MORLEY ROBERTS is always good reading, and his latest book contains a number of eminently readable short stories. Occasionally we cannot help feeling that he writes so well that he might write even better. We fancy, perhaps quite wrongly, that he would do so if a magazine did not sometimes want a story from Mr. Roberts when he did not very much want to write one. The first, and perhaps most ambitious, story in the book, "The Dancing Faun," has a great deal of power and imagination, and is yet rather uneven. Sometimes the description of the passionate dancing of the faun and the dancer grips us by the throat; at others the effect seems mechanical and leaves us cold. We like best in the book the stories cumbered with the least plot. "Those Who Come Home" is the account of a sailor's home-coming after he is supposed to have been lost at sea, and is told in admirably simple and restrained language. "Marcelina," which is not a story, but a sketch of a chambermaid in a Las Palmas hotel, possesses a very touching and charming quality. It is one of the very pleasantest of pictures—Marcelinita with her bright eyes, her dumpy little figure and her little morning joke at the hour of calling: "Com queek, Señor! Zis morning ze laades' beñeo es for you. What fon, eh, Señorita hermosa!"

The German Lieutenant, etc., by August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. (T. Werner Laurie.)

THIS is a good translation of seven stories by Strindberg. The first story deals with an incident supposed to take place in 1870, soon after the fall of Sedan. A German officer, being forced against his will to order the shooting of three *francs-tireurs*, goes mad with remorse. There is power in the story; but if one compares it, as one naturally does, with stories of the same time by Daudet or Maupassant, it is certainly less graceful than the first and less powerful than the second. "Boule de Suif" and "La Dernière Leçon" are much better things than "The German Lieutenant." But this story and the fourth, "Higher Aims," are the best in the book. The latter is a story of Sweden, and tells how a priest rebelled against the Pope's order and refused to put away his wife, preferring to give up his profession and his creed. There is here a pleasing description of spring in Sweden; but the man's struggle is less convincingly described. The other five stories, though shorter, are tedious. If Strindberg's reputation is deserved, either it does not depend upon his short stories or this is not a good selection. After what has been written about him, it may be worth adding that there is nothing here to shock the most sensitive reader.

OUR RIFLE SHOOTING COMPETITION FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL O.T.C. CONTINGENTS.



Private T. M. Odell,
Charterhouse.

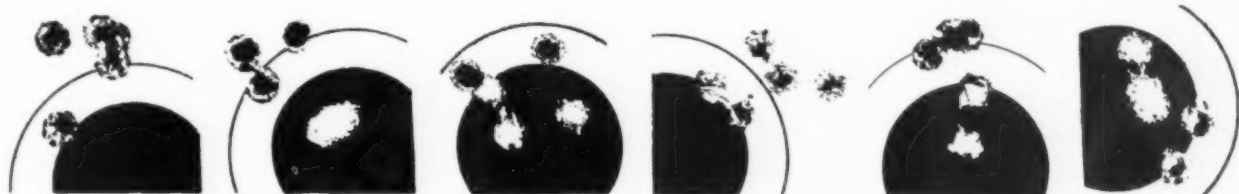
Private D. Har Moor,
West Buckland.

L.-Corpl. Lovett-Thomas,
Malvern.

Private A. J. Malt,
Emanuel School.

Private J. D. Tucker,
Rossall.

Corporal Fox,
Lancing.



Col.-Sergeant Everard,
Bridlington.

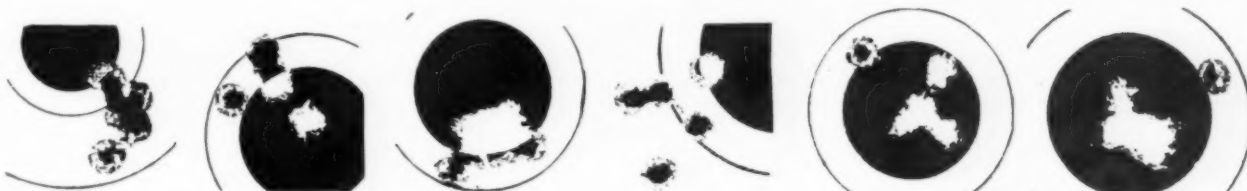
Private J. A. Davies,
Shrewsbury.

Lance-Corpl. F. Simmons,
Exeter.

Private G. A. E. Gibbs,
Wellington (Berks).

Rugby.

Private C. R. Neaton,
Radley.



Sergeant Smith
Solihull. (15yds.)

Whitgift.
(20yds.)

Private J. H. L. Cowley,
King William's College.
(25 yds.)

Sergeant Boulter,
Reading.

Lance-Corpl. Sen,
University College School.
(20yds.)

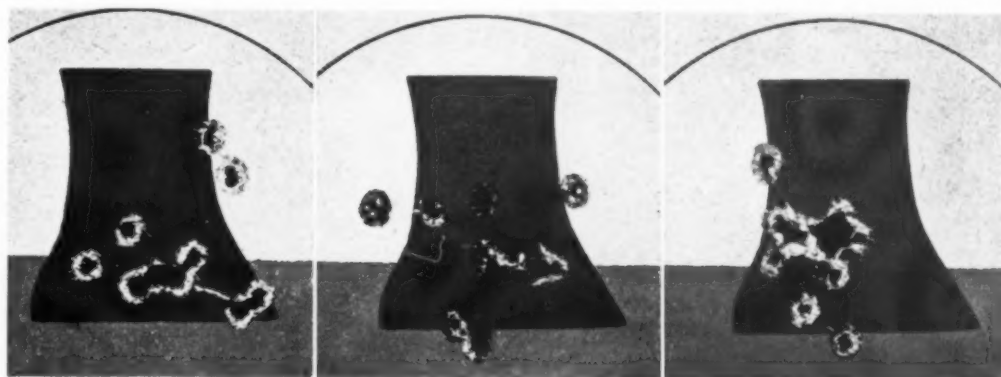
Sergeant W. D. Jones,
Trent

FIVE SHOTS IN ONE INCH GROUPS, SCORING HIGHEST POSSIBLE POINTS.

"CARRY on" is certainly the watchword for everything that conduces to military efficiency, and in this spirit the COUNTRY LIFE small-bore competitions were shot off be-

tween March 13th and 20th at nearly sixty of our Public Schools supplying contingents to the Junior Division of the Officers Training Corps. Our readers will be familiar with the broad principles of the competitions, the conditions of which are so framed as to test not only individual marksmanship, but—what is of far greater importance to an Officers Training Corps—the qualities of leadership. Thus, in the landscape target test the leader does not use his rifle at all, but directs the fire of his team of four to a particular aiming point on which their shots are to be concentrated, or a position over which they are to be distributed. An aiming point or position clearly and concisely described by the leader will be quickly recognised by the firers, but any hesitancy or lack of descriptive

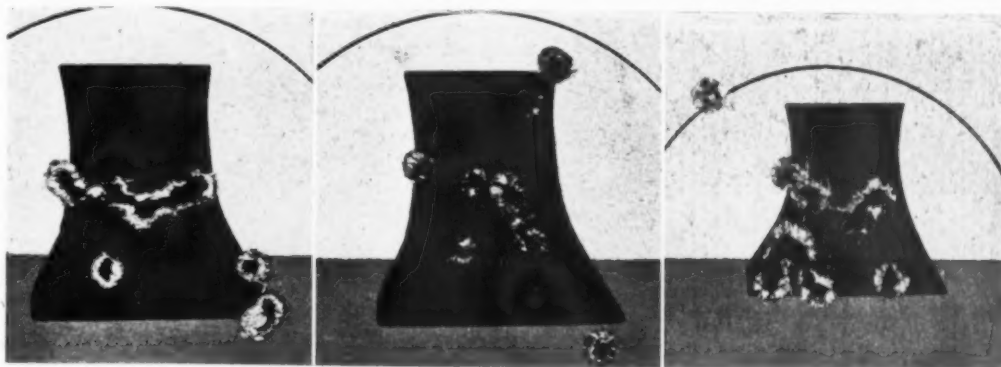
power on his part will almost certainly result in the failure of his team. In addition, teams of ten are each required to group five shots on a bullseye target, to fire ten shots within a minute



Private R. J. Worssam,
Charterhouse. 19 points.

Private G. C. Russell,
Wellington (Berks). 19 points.

Private G. Malt, Emanuel School,
20 points (highest possible).



Sergeant O. H. M. Sturgess, Radley
20 points 'highest possible'.

Sergeant W. S. Jones, Trent
19 points.

Sergeant A. B. Millar,
King William's College. 19 points.

RAPID FIRING TARGETS. TEN SHOTS IN ONE MINUTE. HIGHEST POSSIBLE SCORE, 20 POINTS.

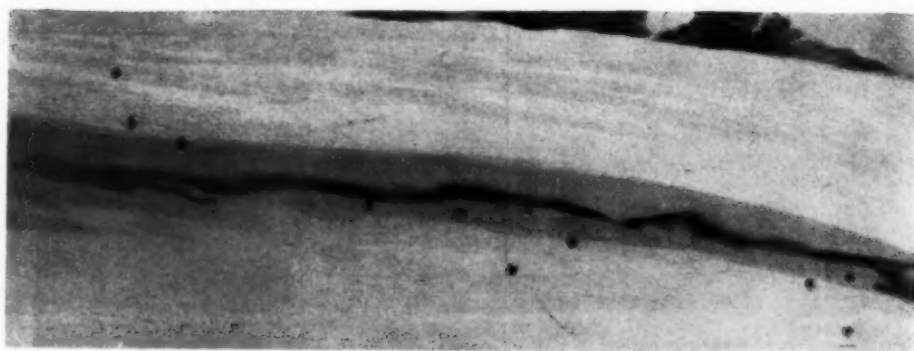
at a figure target, and in some cases to fire five shots at a target representing the figure of a man, which is exposed for three seconds at a time, disappearing for the same number of seconds. The conditions are drawn up on the Hythe School of Musketry principles, and the larger schools which furnish three or more platoons of infantry to the corps compete for a trophy distinct from that which is offered for competition among the schools with less than three platoons.

It will be remembered that the late Lord Roberts expressed his high approval of these annual competitions, and we have letters in our possession to the same effect from the late General Grierson, Lord Methuen, G.C.B., General Sir H. L. Smith-Dorrien, and other military authorities. The late Majors Meiklejohn, V.C., and Meyrick and Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Percival, D.S.O., who was killed at Ypres last November, and whose duty it was while on the War Office Staff to inspect Officers' Training Corps contingents, all took the keenest interest in these competitions on the grounds that they promote keenness in musketry. On this point we have also the practical and unsolicited evidence of the large majority of officers commanding schools' contingents, one of whom recently wrote :

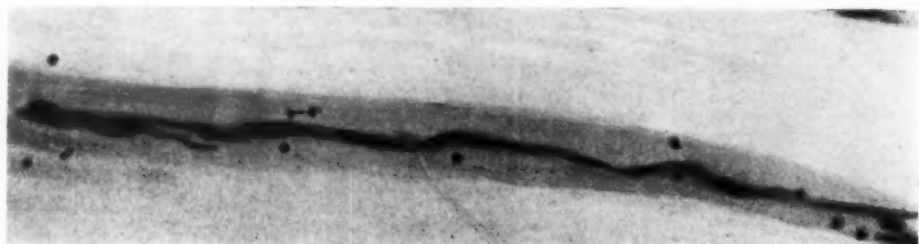
It is very interesting to watch how the boys improve—and they are keen. I am very sorry it is the last time I shall be taking a part in this competition. I can say the same now as I did four years ago, the competition is an excellent one from the point of view of training cadets to shoot.

It is of interest to note that all the members of the Radley team, which won the Public Schools O.T.C. Trophy last year, now hold commissions, and exactly what the schools have accomplished in supplying officers to the New Armies will be in book form during the early summer as an appendix to "The O.T.C. and the Great War," by Captain Alan R. Haig-Brown, the Officer-Commanding Lancing College contingent. This appendix is in a sufficiently advanced stage to warrant us in stating that, as regards numbers, all expectations have been exceeded, and we take this opportunity of thanking all Officers-Commanding for the trouble they have taken in compiling these returns.

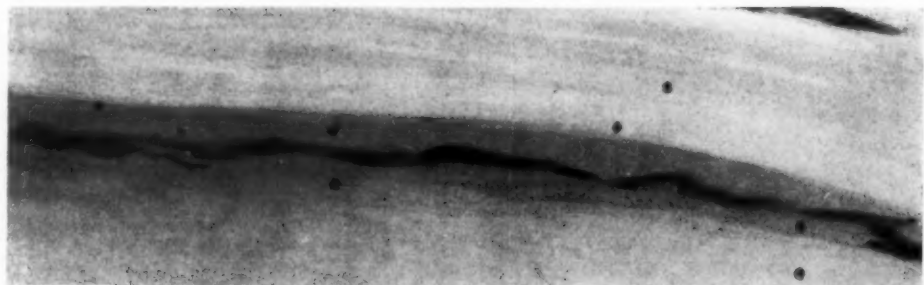
Three years in succession Radley and Trent have respectively held the Public Schools O.T.C. Trophy and the Officers' Training Corps Trophy against all competitors, but this year the former has been wrested from Radley by University College



University College School (the winners), 210 points.



Charterhouse (second), 210 points.



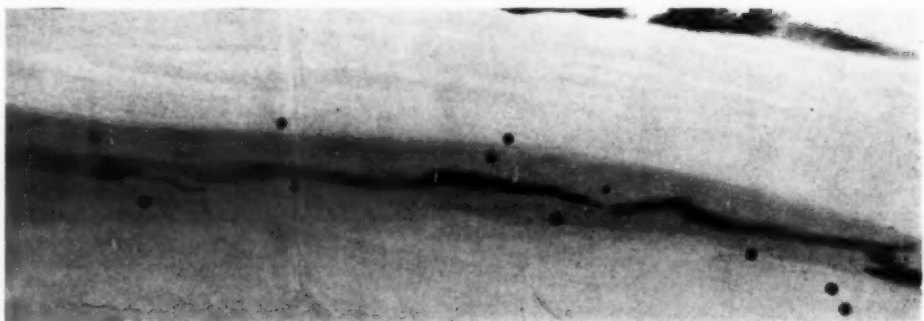
Merchant Taylors (third), 240 points (highest possible).



Shrewsbury, 240 points (highest possible).



Christ's Hospital, 240 points (highest possible).



Malvern, 210 points.

School, Hampstead, and the latter from Trent by Exeter. The Radley team came to grief over the Landscape Target test, after having made the highest Grouping total, the second highest Rapid and the third highest Snapshooting. Charterhouse, the holders of the COUNTRY LIFE 600yds. Bisley Trophy, were only 5 points behind the winners. Trent ran the winners of the Officers Training Corps Trophy very close indeed, failing to retain the trophy by only 4 points. Our shooting expert writes as follows :

The eleventh hour decision to divide contingents into those having (a) three or more platoons of infantry, and (b) not having more than two platoons, was, we believe, a wise one, meeting with the general approval of Officers Commanding. Taking the Public Schools Officers Training Corps Trophy first, it will be noted that only 5 points separate Charterhouse from the winners, the comparative scores being : Grouping, 80 against 70; rapid, 151 against 171; snapshooting, 144 against 129; landscape, each 210. The best grouping total (85) was made by Radley, University College School, Greshams and King Edward's School, Birmingham following closely with 80. Charterhouse led the rapids with 171, Radley being only 4 points less, and Lancing 157. In the snapshooting, Emanuel School, Wandsworth, only dropped one shot, scoring 147 points out of a possible 150, with University College School 3 points less, Radley 138, and Charterhouse, Rossall and Malvern 129 each. The result of the landscape target distribution of fire test shows a high standard of efficiency, more than half of the teams returning landscapes with not more than two out of twelve shots incorrectly placed, made up as follows : Shrewsbury, Christ's Hospital and Merchant Taylors, 240 points ("possibles"); Charterhouse, Rossall, Wellington (Berks), Marlborough, Malvern, University College School and Emanuel School (Wandsworth), only one shot incorrectly placed, i.e., 210 points; St. Paul's and Greshams only two shots incorrectly placed, i.e., 180 points. Of the remainder, in very few instances did the firers fail to recognise the position, which is a subject for congratulations to the team leaders, an even distribution of the shots laterally proving the chief difficulty. Of individual grouping targets, in addition to those reproduced, special mention must be made of the following tin groups : Sergeant O. H. M. Sturgess and Private H. Drummond-Wolff, Radley; Privates A. G. Lole and W. S. Leigh-Mare, Rossall; Private May, Brighton; Private E. P. Knight, Denstone; Private Allday, King Edward's School, Birmingham; Sergeant Buchanan, Corporal Mordecai and Quartermaster-Sergeant Ryder, University College School, Hampstead; and Private G. Banting, Emanuel School. In addition to the rapid targets reproduced mention must be made of targets by Corporal Fox (18), Lancing; Privates M. Orculd (18) and J. D. Tucker (18), Rossall; Sergeant H. B. Morkhill (18), Radley; Sergeant Ogilvie (17), Harrow; Private Blakeney (18), Felsted; Private Thicknesse (18), Brighton; Lance-Corporal Sen (18)



Wellington (Berks), 210 points.



Marlborough, 210 points.

In the COUNTRY LIFE Public Schools O.T.C. Competition, fire had to be distributed over a position on the landscape, fifteen inches long by three inches deep; this was divided into four equal rectangles, into which each of the four firers had to put three shots to obtain the highest possible points.



Exeter (winners of Officers Training Corps Trophy), 210 points.



Trent (second), 210 points.



St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate (third), 210 points.



Beaumont College, Windsor, 240 points (highest possible).

The four best targets in the COUNTRY LIFE Officers Training Corps Competition, fired under similar conditions, but on a different landscape.

and Private Ray (18), University College School; Private Stringer (18), Dulwich; and an unnamed target (19), Whitgift School, Croydon.

A large number of individual "possibles" were made in the snapshooting test the best groups of five shots on the figure, in addition to those here reproduced, being made by Sergeant A. W. Cameron, Wellington (Berks); Sergeant Heard, Lancing; Private G. Delafosse, Emanuel School; and Private Oldham, Gresham's. After entering as usual, neither Stonyhurst nor Cheltenham were able to complete this year, the former owing to a defective rifle, and the range of the latter was so much in demand for military purposes that no opportunity could be found for practice.

Exeter School are the winners of the Officers Training Corps Trophy by 4 points from the holders, Trent, the comparative scores being as follows: Grouping, 82-82; rapid, 144-170; landscape, 210-180. Two high shots on the landscape target cost Trent the trophy, but they must be congratulated on making the highest rapid total of 170 points out of 200.

The best grouping total, 95, was made by King William's College (I.O.M.), St. Lawrence College (Ramsgate), coming second with 85, and Exeter and Trent third with 82 each. As already mentioned, Trent made the best rapid total of 170 out of 200, King William's College scoring 162 and Exeter 144.

Beaumont College, Windsor, has the honour of returning the only landscape scoring the highest possible points, Exeter, St. Lawrence College (Ramsgate) and Wilson's Grammar School scoring 210 each, i.e., one shot incorrectly placed, and the following schools 180, i.e., two shots incorrectly placed: Trent, Hymer's College, Hull, Reading, Liverpool College and West Buckland School. This means that nearly half the teams competing returned landscapes with not more than two shots wrongly placed, and for the rest it may be stated that shots placed in the wrong rectangles were the chief cause of trouble, but at least in three instances one or more of the firers had failed to recognise the position.

Of individual grouping targets, special mention must be made of the following tin groups, in addition to those here reproduced: Sergeants E. F. Poole and L. B. Cross and Lance-Corporals J. M. Nish, J. D. Robinson, C. A. J. Martin and D. Vale, all of Trent; Sergeant A. B. Millar, Privates T. A. W. Jones, N. J. Taylor, H. M. Moody and H. R. Lowe, all of King William's College, Isle of Man; Corporal A. K. Goard, Exeter; Sergeants McIlroy and Private Aveline, Reading; Corporal Stuart, Bridlington; Private Harrison, St. Lawrence College; Private Laviland, Hymer's College; Lance-Corporal Brown, Wilson's School; Sergeant Collison, Ampleforth College; Private Edwards, King's College, Taunton. Unnamed targets from George Heriot's, Wellington, (Salop); Handsworth Grammar School; St. Edward's School, Oxford; Taunton School and Liverpool College. The best individual rapid targets other than those reproduced were made by Lance-Corporal J. M. Nish (18), Trent; Private M. C. Jones (18), H. M. Moody (17) and N. J. Taylor (17), King William's College; George Heriot's (19), unnamed; Private Eastmead (17) and Private Church (17), St. Lawrence College; Lance-Corporal J. Moulding (17), Exeter; Private McIlroy (17), Reading; Private Simpson (17), Bridlington; Private Jarmen (17), Hymer's College.

Result of COUNTRY LIFE Public Schools Officers Training Corps Trophy Competition, 1915. Scoring:

Grouping	100	
Rapid	200	
Snapshooting	150	
Landscape	240	
Points	690	
<i>Winners.</i>	<i>Second.</i>	<i>Third.</i>
University Coll. School.	Charterhouse.	Merchant Taylors.
80	70	75
151	171	123
144	129	126
210	210	240
585	580	564

And the following in order of merit: Emanuel School, Rossall, Shrewsbury, Wellington (Berks), Christ's Hospital, Gresham's, Malvern, Marlborough, Lancing, St. Paul's, Brighton, Solihull, Whitgift, Harrow, Radley, Dulwich, Felsted, King Edward's School (Birmingham), Denstone and Rugby.

Result of COUNTRY LIFE Officers Training Corps Trophy Competition, 1915. Scoring:

	Grouping	Rapid	Landscape	Points
Winners.	80	144	210	585
Second.	70	171	129	580
Third.	75	123	126	564

Winners.	Second.	Third.
Exeter.	Trent.	St. Lawrence Coll.
82	82	85
144	170	120
210	180	210
430	432	415

And the following in order of merit: Beaumont College, Wilson's, Hymer's College, Reading, Liverpool College, King William's College (Isle of Man), West Buckland, Bridlington, St. Edward's School (Oxford), King's College (Taunton), Ampleforth, Taunton School, Wellington (Salop), Handsworth Grammar School, Cranbrook, Nottingham High School, George Heriot's (Glasgow) Oratory School (B'ham), King Alfred's School (Wantage) and Dean Close School (Cheltenham) returned

landscape target only. We shall be glad to send full scores to any Officer Commanding, or to individual members of teams.

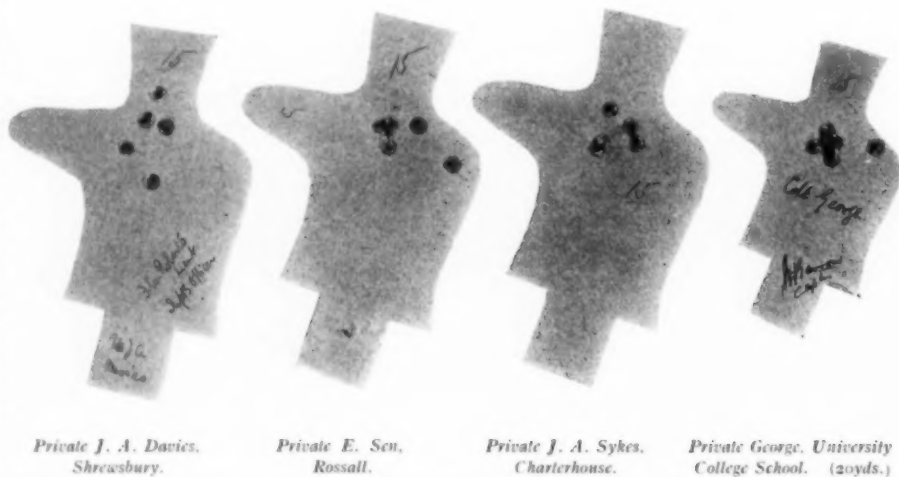


FIGURE TARGETS EXPOSED FOR THREE SECONDS PER SHOT—THE FOUR BEST.

FLY FISHING IN SPRING.

THE trout season, in most places, opens with the month of daffodils, when short stemmed primroses begin to peep shyly out from sunny hollows, and whatever the weather, there is that virile sense of awakening life in the air that prompts to action. Therefore, we fishers who enjoy country life in our own quiet way, hasten to take up our rods and, despite chill waters, cutting winds and generally wintry surroundings, rejoice that spring, with all its promise and all its hope, has come to greet us once more.

There is a marked difference between fly fishing for trout in March and April, and later on, when the capture of the speckled beauties of our streams demands a degree of science to be acquired only by years of experience in both the habits of the fish and subtlety in the methods of angling for them. Early spring is the harvest time of the inexperienced fisherman, for at no other period will trout rise more boldly, take more freely, and show less discrimination in their choice of the artificial lures presented to them. But even then, sundry matters and the observance of various little essentials to the making of a respectable dish of trout have to be considered. With the principal of these I propose to deal briefly, able to guarantee that, if carefully followed out, the pathway to success will be assured. No less an authority than "Hi Regan" declares that, without doubt, the wet or submerged fly does most execution in spring; also that exact imitations of natural insects (as far as the fly tier's skill allows) necessary for summer dry fly fishing are unimportant; and, again, that quite a small selection of patterns will be found amply sufficient. The soundness of this advice is indisputable.

Let us, then, first shortly glance at the general conditions of the opening season as they bear on fly fishing. The effects of winter spawning, enforced abstinence from food in the dead months of the year, and the stress of contention with strong floods, all combine to weaken the trout, and March only finds them in process of recuperation. Hence at this time they avoid all the excessively rapid and turbulent currents, and concentrate on stretches of water either fairly shallow or of moderate depth where the flow is not unduly swift. Such parts include long or short rippling runs, shallowish, gently gliding reaches, the surface-broken water at the bases of weirs, and the easier sides of pools whose central current is violent. In all these places the tail end, or "hang" as the Scots term it, i.e., the lowest part of a run or stickle, is particularly worth the angler's attention. Deep,

quiet spots, which when ruffled by wind later on fish well, are best passed over in the early spring in favour of livelier waters, where our quarry exults in the brisk motion, shakes off parasites, and gradually picks up strength and condition. So much for the parts of a river to angle in; the next thing is the fishing itself, and I must assume that the angler has provided himself with suitable gear and has some knowledge of throwing a fly lightly. There are two methods of working with the wet fly, viz., down-stream fishing and up-stream fishing. For the first, it is what you will see nine out of every ten anglers doing, and it has obtained for us the rather contemptuous expression, "Chuck and chance it."

The down-stream rodsman begins at the head of a stickle and works downward, throwing a long line across, and letting his flies get below him till they appear to be struggling against the current, which is quite an unnatural position. In this mode the line stretches out straight and taut, and there is the minimum of trouble in managing it. There is, besides, a sort of psychical impulse to follow the course of a stream, and so cast down before one. But the main point must not be lost sight of—it is not nearly so remunerative, and its disadvantages are obvious.

In running water, trout invariably lie facing the current, and this poise enables them to see the approaching enemy, at least in their near vicinity, and sheer off. At some distance they will certainly rise to his lures, but in the act of striking up-stream, from the position of the fish, the tendency is to drag the hook out of their mouths, and it is no exaggeration to say that nine out of every dozen rising fish are merely pricked, and rendered fly shy.

The up-stream style of fishing is, if not so easy, infinitely more artistic and undoubtedly more remunerative. The angler walks and works ever up-stream, commencing with a short line, which is thrown across, but slightly up just above the tail of a run, then thrown more and more up, and finally directly up-stream before it is lengthened. Next, more water is covered in the same way with a longer line until the further side is fished out, and all this is done from the same position. The fisherman then moves up a couple of yards and goes through the same procedure, and so on till the place has been thoroughly searched throughout. Trout are watching for food carried down to them by the current; so by casting up-stream and manœuvring the flies down, we are presenting our imitations in as natural a way as possible. Again, considering the invariable position of a trout when one has seized a fly, by striking down-stream we drive the steel into its mouth instead of pulling it out, as in the happy-go-lucky style of down-stream fishers. Any unaccustomed to this up-stream method may ask, What about the line and gut cast coiling in the water as they come down towards the fisherman?

In the first place, a much shorter line is used than in throwing down-stream, and casts are more frequently delivered, the flies being picked out before arriving at the angler's position. To meet the coils matter, as well as to keep as much in touch with a rising trout as possible, slack line is gathered in by the left hand as the flies descend, and this slack is shot out less or more, as occasion requires, in making the next cast. In addition, the point of the rod is raised on the completion of every cast; in short, the dry fly artist will perceive that this

mode of using wet flies approximates to his own procedure. By all means, strike from the reel. With a light check there is an infinitesimal "give" which eases fine tackle; but if rod handle and line are grasped together, and a good fish should take, a break is more than probable.

A word here about striking. In up-stream work, fastening a trout depends in great degree upon the angler's ready initiative. This prompt, decisive, but not violent wrist-only action should be attempted (1) the instant a fish is felt, (2) whenever the reel line suddenly straightens out, even though no touch be felt, and (3) when a trout breaks the water over where the flies are travelling, even though nothing be felt. Strike so in the down-stream direction, and ten to one the steel goes in. Judicious and quiet wading, where practicable, is of considerable advantage, as the fisherman is then much less conspicuous than when on the bank, and it helps him in covering distant places. Many men who are not quickly successful acquire the bad habit of hurrying over a water. They make a few casts, perhaps without

response, and push on, hoping that the next place will reward them, and so on. If they are provided with good flies and can throw them fairly, they may depend that, for the time being, the trout are not having any.

Easy as it is to catch trout in March and April, there is no part of the season when their moods are more capricious. Often, not a fin will be seen stirring for an hour or more. Then, all of a sudden, a general rise will come on and the fish be seen splashing in every direction. The angler will do well to make the most of it, for these spring rises terminate as abruptly as they begin. Again, when trout are not showing on the surface, it is often due to their feeding near the bottom upon the pupæ of flies emerging from their husks, and commencing to ascend. As far as possible, to meet this matter imitations of the pupæ of various flies are coming into vogue, and Mr. Skues, a well known fisherman, has brought them as near perfection as possible. They are known as "Nymphs," and Mr. Skues' patterns are excellently fabricated by Mr. Roger Woolley of Tutbury. For ordinary spring flies I am convinced that those tied buzz, *i.e.*, hackled only, without wing, are the best killers, and the following patterns can be relied upon to do well in any

water: Maxwell's Blue, Maxwell's Red, Pheasant-tail, Half Stone, Gold-ribbed Hare's Flax tied with a brassy dun hackle (a noted fly) and the Rough Olive and Iron Blue in April. With the above and a few Nymphs, which are always likely to kill, the angler will be well equipped for the two early months. Whenever the water is slightly tinted as a spate is running down, the stretcher fly, if not both, should be gold-ribbed, and orange coloured bodies are especially attractive. As to weather, in early spring temperature is, as a rule, an important factor, and a rise of fish may be looked for on warmish, settled days with alternate sun and cloud, also on days with a high temperature and occasional showers, or with a thin mist falling. Ten a.m. is early enough to start work, and 4 p.m. will probably end one's chances for the day. In concluding these few suggestions, I would refer the spring angling novice to the best lines ever written upon trout fishing, in Thomson's poem, "Spring," in which he deprecates the slaughter of immature fish. Scores are sure to be hooked, but they make a poor show if basketed, and reflect no credit on their captor.

G. GARROW GREEN.



FISHING UP-STREAM BELOW A WEIR POOL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CARE OF HORSES IN WAR, 1814—1914: A CONTRAST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The "Subaltern," describing his experiences under Wellington, tells us that the horses of the German regiments (Hanoverians) in our Army were always kept "in better order than those of our own countrymen." And he explains that "the Englishman never acquires that attachment for his horse which a German trooper experiences. The latter dreams not, under any circumstances, of attending to his own comfort till after he has provided for the comfort of his steed. He will frequently sleep beside it, through choice, and the noble animal seldom fails to return the affection of his master, whose voice he knows and whom he will generally follow like a dog." All this is confirmed by other officers, one of whom describes how the Germans would rob in order to provide food for their horses: while the men in a certain British field battery would steal their horses' food to sell it for drink. All this is changed. The officer in charge of an important British veterinary hospital recently stated that "the Kaiser's cavalry trouble, when it does assert itself, will be due to individual brutality. The Germans," he went on to state, "won't look after their mounts more than is laid down in the Regulations, and that is not enough." The Englishman, on the other hand, he went on to explain, "sees in his horse a friend, subject with himself to common perils; a sympathy springs up between man and beast, wholly alien to the German character." The Kaiser, having enjoined his soldiers to "gain a reputation for sternness"—otherwise brutality—"as the Huns did under Attila," these apt pupils are not likely to be merciful to a mere beast.—H. N. SHORE.

AN ARCHITECT AT THE FRONT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed, fresh from the front, may be of interest. The writer is a young Londoner, a keen Territorial in the intervals of work as an architect's assistant. The letter speaks for itself: "Pleased to tell you I am fairly fit, although my nerves have been somewhat shaken owing to a howitzer shell falling in my 'dug out,' which has accounted for seventeen of my men! I miraculously escaped, but was unconscious for an hour. We were engaged in some heavy fighting at the time, which came off successfully for us, but was no picnic by any means. I picked up a copy of COUNTRY LIFE in a café near here, and found the latest illustrated account of an Adam house, which was reproduced in the photographs as excellently as usual (which means a great deal). For some little time I have been billeted in quite a fine château, which, although modern, was built on old foundations, and is quite interesting, conjuring up visions of Chambord and the Loire. It is terrible to think of the number of churches and lofty buildings which fall victims to our and the enemy's artillery. I was witness of a big church with a spire—a feature which they all seem to have round here—completely demolished by the fire of one of our heavy 9 in. guns, some nights back, and it illuminated the countryside like a huge candle. I have managed to hang on to Jack's scarf so far, but in these big engagements everything goes by the board. I was without razor, soap, towel or any of the customary toilet equipment for over a week! We bagged a crowd of Germans a week ago, and they seemed generally a cowed lot of individuals. I spoke to several of them, and they seemed well pleased to be out of it.—Sergeant —.—"—ARCHITECT.

LOST—THE COUNTRY NOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The war at least has had one effect—that is, in depriving the true countryman of his nod. What city persons when they have been in the country but have become interested in watching two countrymen meet and exchange greetings, such as: "Morning, good morning this morning," with that semicircular dip of the head known as a nod. Now this purely country greeting has been generally replaced by a badly executed military salute, and the country nod has become as rare as redstarts in February.—ELDRID WALKER.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF TRAFALGAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice in your issue dated March 27th the letter headed "Mr. James Stephens and Others." R. St. J.-M. asks why Byron placed the accent on the last syllable of "Trafalgar." I was told by a man who was well up in the Eastern languages that it is the proper way. The Moors call it "Traf-al-gár," not as we do. Nor do we pronounce "Gibraltar" rightly, either; it ought to be "Gibr-al-tár," according to the Moorish tongue. I regret, as it is many years since I met him, I cannot now remember the exact translation of either.—L. SHEFFIELD SORELL.

A SOLDIER'S SONG OF REST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As I have not seen an answer to Lady Wolseley's enquiry about the authorship of the lines which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE on March 27th, will you allow me to say that they were written by Mary Woolsey (Mrs. Robert G. Howland), who was born in England in 1832 and died in New York in 1864? As far as my recollection serves me they are part of a poem called "In the Hospital," which, I think, will be found in "American Songs and Lyrics" and in "Poems of American Patriotism."—GERALD W. E. LODGE.

[We have received from Miss Chisholm Batten a little book called "Wayfaring Hymns," published by Nesbit and Co. in 1879, in which this soldier's poem appears printed anonymously.—Ed.]

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Allow me to express my pleasure to find in your Easter Number of COUNTRY LIFE those feeling lines found under a dead soldier's pillow in a South Carolina hospital during the American Civil War. It may interest

you to know that in a scrap-book belonging to my mother, who died in 1904 in her eighty-ninth year, I recall this very poem, cut from a Southern newspaper and sent to her in 1864 from Charleston, South Carolina, by a favourite niece who long resided there, and as a coincidence, this past week tidings came to me of her death. The name of the soldier has never been ascertained, and I have never known of the poem being reprinted until you did so last week. There is a beautifully calm pathos in this simple poem, and to me the fourth stanza reveals the spirit of action made passive by enfeeblement in a most appealing way. Thank you for reprinting the lines, and for the memories they have revived.—ALBERT H. WHITIN.

A PLAGUE OF ANTS INDOORS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be very grateful if you, or any correspondent to your valuable paper who may have experienced a similar inconvenience, could inform me of the best means of dealing with a plague of ants in an English country house. The ants, which are of a small variety, infest the house the whole year round, and swarm near the fireplaces and in the neighbourhood of the hot water pipes. Ordinary insecticides have been tried in vain.—E. M. B.

[We have found the following method very effective in trapping ants: Procure some clean, cheap sponges, and into the canals of these shake some Demerara sugar. Then place each sponge in an empty jam jar or other similar receptacle, and lay this on its side in the haunts of the ants. In a few hours the sponge will be swarming with ants, which may be shaken into hot water or some insecticide. The sponges are then recharged with sugar and the process repeated as often as may be necessary. With some perseverance it ought to be possible to eradicate the pests in this way.—Ed.]

THE FOOD VALUE OF MILK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My attention has only just been called to Mr. T. F. Royds's letter that you publish in your issue of April 3rd, in which he asks to be permitted to correct my "astounding statement that a quart of milk is equivalent to eight eggs." Your correspondent adds, "The proteid value of milk is low; in fact, eggs contain more than five times as much, and the percentage in some forms of meat is higher still." The proteids in meat are certainly higher than in milk, but the food value does not depend on proteids alone. The carbohydrates in milk are far higher than in meat, with the result, as I previously wrote, that a quart of milk contains about the same nutritive value as eight eggs. I omitted to state that the quart referred to is an American quart of 32oz. An English quart of 40oz. of milk is, therefore, approximately equivalent in nutritive value to ten average eggs. The average man needs about 3,400 calories a day, but the milk that would provide that much energy would contain 0.34 pounds of proteid, whereas a moderately active man of average build does not need more than 0.28 pounds of proteid daily. Consequently, whereas milk is a perfectly balanced diet for a child, it is too rich in proteids for adults. The case of an adult living upon a milk diet somewhat approaches that of a person eating too much meat. (See "The Milk Question," by M. J. Rosenau, formerly Director of the Hygienic Laboratory, United States Public Health Service.) One knows that digestibility and assimilation must be considered as well as chemical composition and caloric value, and in these respects also a further study of the subject will confirm my previous statement that one quart of milk (32oz.) is approximately equivalent in feeding value to eight eggs or three-quarters of a pound of lean beef. Consequently, an English quart of 40oz. is approximately equivalent to ten eggs of fifteen-sixteenths of a pound of beef.—WILFRID BUCKLEY, Moundsmead Manor, Basingstoke.

THE SEA-BLUE BIRD OF MARCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your last week's issue there appeared two remarkable pictures of the kingfisher rising out of the water. Having on very many occasions witnessed similar incidents myself, but not having the good fortune or the skill to secure photographic records of the scene, I would like to say how much I enjoyed seeing them. On the other hand, the writer of the article which accompanied them almost apologised for their appearance. He need not have done so, for undoubtedly they are two of the most wonderful bird photographs that have ever appeared in COUNTRY LIFE. Seeing that the kingfisher is easily our most beautiful bird—the one tropically feathered thing that we can boast of—we ought never to tire of seeing unusual pictures of it. I have pleasure in enclosing several prints of the kingfisher feeding young, which I think will be unique and of sufficient interest to further extend your publication of pictures of this gorgeous bird. Some particulars of how they were obtained may be of interest. First of all, I have never met with birds less suspicious of my hiding arrangements than kingfishers. When the young ones had reached the age of twenty-three days and were almost ready to leave the nest I secured a picture of them perched together on a short branch. After this I put them back in the nest, in order to obtain pictures of the parent kingfishers feeding them. Two chicks only I placed on the perch to attract the attention of the parents when visiting with food. These patiently remained in the allotted positions for over an hour, almost without moving. The welcome chirp of the returning parent was heard at last, but, sad to relate, she flew past the patient chicks, utterly ignoring their presence, and on her next visit this was the case again. It now seemed as if the five young ones that remained in the nest would have to be fed before the two were found to be missing, although the two young ones were perched about a yard away from the entrance to the nesting hole. Still the two young ones did not show a disposition to fly away, which they were well able to do. I wanted to help them, but, like the young ones, had to wait. My hopes were presently raised, for the mother alighted on the stump with a fish in her beak, and looked towards the young ones. She waited for about half a



THE MOTHER BIRD ALIGHTING WITH FOOD.

minute, as if thinking: "What on earth are you doing here?"; then she flew into the nest. Presently she returned, and her actions this time showed she was evidently concerned about the two, for she chirped repeatedly as if to induce them to fly with her. Unsuccessful in getting them to do this, she again alighted by their side, and I snapped her as she stood looking at them. This caused her to fly back to her former perch, but she was soon back again to play a game of anticipation with a young one. They were about six inches apart, and each expected the other to make a move. After a minute or two, and seeing the young one would not approach, she walked to it, and in an incredibly short space of time the fish which she held was seized and swallowed. So fast was this done that I did not get a photograph. There still remained the other one to be fed, so I

had another chance. The next time she came she alighted on the stick, but so close to a young one as to knock it off its perch. This caused her to swallow the fish herself and depart. After seeing her well away I came out, and put the model of patience back on to the perch. On her return she flew straight at the young one which had been fed, but instead of knocking it off she perched on its back, extending her bill, and the fish she carried was seized and swallowed by the young one with avidity. Although the resulting photographs do scant justice to the birds and the scenes I witnessed, yet I treasure them personally as a record of what I consider my



AN UNCEREMONIOUS PARENT.

most successful piece of work with the camera. I have no doubt Mr. J. H. Symonds will consider the two remarkable pictures of his that you recently published with great regard.—ALFRED TAYLOR.



COME ALONG!

TERRITORIAL OFFICERS' FAMILIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am glad to read the letter in your issue of March 27th from Lord Fortescue with reference to Territorial officers serving with the British Expeditionary Force. I know from my own case that it will come very hard for those who survive after the war, as in my particular case I had just got a new business into nice working order when the war broke out, and it is, of course, now non-existent. I have also had big expenses since my departure from home in August, my wife presenting me with another child, and although I send her practically all my pay, it does not equal what I can earn in civil life. Further, the allowance made by the Government for kit is not sufficient to meet expenses; I had to spend at least £20, and recovered £7 10s. As you truly say, one is loath to bring these matters forward, but there are many in the same position as myself, and many far worse.—CAPTAIN (T.F.) ATTACHED TO REGULAR R.A., British Expeditionary Force, France.

BULRUSHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of March 13th, Miss Florence Woolward, in an interesting and prettily illustrated article, draws our attention to the decorative possibilities of bulrushes (*Typha latifolia*) for the edges of our lakes and ponds, so in the accompanying photographs I have tried to give a nearer view of the great beauty of these handsome water plants. Besides their beauty in



WHERE THE WATERFOWL NEST IN SECURITY.

very fond of following after the plough to get the worms and insects which are turned up with the fresh soil. It is a very pretty sight to see them rising in the air and "piling" again on the ground, crying and calling to each other as they pounce on and eat up their prey.



DOING GOOD SERVICE ON THE PLOUGH.

summer and winter, they make splendid cover for those birds which we all love to see about our ponds—coots, waterhens and dabchick love to hide among them, and in the spring they form ideal nesting sites for these and other aquatic species. Now and again I have raised a snipe from among them, and have frequently seen the water-rail running over the broken down stumps. The best way to plant bulrushes is to put the roots in lightly woven baskets, then pack them round with earth, having first placed some good large stones for ballast, sinking the whole in the muddy bottom round the edges of the pond. In other countries the shoots of bulrushes are eaten by the Don Cossacks, the stems are used for thatching and fuel, the leaves for mats and chair bottoms, and the woolly fruiting heads as packing material. Every pond should have its bed of bulrushes, for not only are they useful as an outside plant, they also provide handsome decorations for the home, lasting when dried for a very long time.—W. H. WORKMAN.

AN ABNORMAL ASH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some time ago you published a photograph of a curious elm tree that I sent you. Here is a photograph of a tripod kind of arrangement in the growth of an ash tree that you may consider worth a corner in COUNTRY LIFE. The tree stands in a field near Tintern.—F. H. WORSLEY-BENISON.

SEAGULLS IN THE FIELDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Those of your readers who live in towns may not know that the seagulls are



HOISTED BY ITS OWN ROOT-GROWTH.